The Nation.

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The Week.

Every time a Democratic Senator is caught with protectionist principles on his person, there is great hilarity in Republican ranks. But the country at large fails to catch the full force of the joke. Senator Aldrich and his lieutenants take delight in "smoking out" the Democrats, as if the sole duty of a legislator were to show that his opponent is no less a fool or a rascal than himself. It is not Democratic opposition that has forced tariff reform upon the Republican party, but a popular upheaval that was strong enough to make the Republicans write revision into their last national platform, and their Presidential candidate pledge himself solemnly. From the Democratic party the country has long ceased to expect either efficiency or common sense. If Senator Aldrich shows the Democrats to be protectionists at heart, he merely proves that the Republican party has infected its rival with a lust for tariff plunder equal to its own.

It needed only the speech of Senator Scott of West Virginia last week to illustrate to the full the intellectual darkness which envelops the mind of the "standpatter." Why alter the Dingley act at all? We had great industrial prosperity after 1907, did we not? The Dingley bill was enacted in 1897, was it not? Then the Dingley bill caused the prosperity after 1897. We had hard times between 1893 and 1897, did we not? There was no Dingley law in that period, was there? Then the hard times between 1893 and 1897 were caused by the absence of a Dingley law. This being so, why change the law at all? Why not go on to the end of time, with that heaven-inspired measure showering prosperity on the American people? We are aware that we do not do full justice to the *ad captandum* argument, the misstatement of fact, and the mental ineptitude displayed by the Senator from West Virginia; but our brief summary will fairly reproduce his logical processes, and we refer to it here as an illustration of a state of mind which, we have some hope, is passing away with other ancient superstitions.

The time, we may suppose, will come when American schoolboys who read of such arguments being employed in Senatorial debate will smile incredulously, as they do to-day when told of the similar arguments over the divine right of kings. Senator Scott is interesting chiefly as a relic, and as such he may be worth preserving. That his instructive speech should have reached its climax in the exposition of the way in which the Wilson bill of 1894 caused the panic of 1893, was to be expected. A rude and annoying Senator of the opposing party, who volunteered to accept Mr. Scott's demonstration that the Wilson law of 1894 was the cause of the panic of 1893, provided the West Virginia Senator would extend his argument and admit that the Payne tariff bill of 1909 caused the panic of 1907, elicited no response. Yet that invitation may hereafter be accepted, if the Scott type of mind continues to be represented in the Senate. One can at least conceive some oracle, say in 1923, explaining how everything went well until, in October, 1907, on the sudden suspicion that, a year and a half later, protective duties might be revised, the Knickerbocker Trust Company closed its doors, the Westinghouse Electric failed, the New York banks issued Clearing House loan certificates, and the mills began to cut down production and discharge their hands.

The beleaguered missionaries in Asia Minor could receive no more cheering message than the news of Oscar S. Straus's reappointment as Ambassador to Turkey. Missionaries in that land of terror and bloodshed always speak of the halcyon days of Straus. The lately-deposed Sultan has found it easy enough to pull the wool over the eyes of the average Minister to his court, and Mr. Leishman—the retiring Ambassador—did not satisfy Americans with interests in Turkey, any more than did that curious Minister from Texas whose chief boasts were that he was a rebel who had never surrendered or taken the oath of allegiance, and that he could snuff out a candle at thirty paces four out of five times. Mr. Straus, however, always stuck to his contentions and to the Sultan like a leech, and missionaries and teachers everywhere in Turkey looked to him with confidence. The country is to be congratulated that, in this time of upheaval and revolution, it will be represented at Constantinople by a man so admirably fitted for the post.

W. W. Rockhill's transfer from Peking to St. Petersburg is another piece of good news, in refreshing contrast to one or two other recent diplomatic appointments. For some time past there has been a feeling that Mr. Rockhill was less interested in our trade relations with China than a man of different training would be. That some one else would go to Peking has been known from the beginning of Mr. Taft's administration. It would, however, have been a genuine misfortune if a man of Mr. Rockhill's long diplomatic experience and rare knowledge of Oriental languages had been dropped out of the service. At St. Petersburg his linguistic attainments and his knowledge of the Far East will still be of great value to him and to the country. J. W. Riddle, the present Ambassador to Russia, is another man with a rare talent for languages, who worked his way up after thirteen years of service at Constantinople, Cairo, Belgrade, and St. Petersburg, to an ambassadorship, and his retirement would be a cause for earnest protest were it not that the delicate state of his health has made the tender of his resignation something more than the usual courtesy to the incoming President.

That all the cities along the Mississippi, from New Orleans to St. Paul, are liable to attack and demolition in case of war with a foreign Power is the startling information that is now being disseminated. Not only this but many of the cities on the tributaries of the Mississippi, such as Council Bluffs and Sioux City on the Missouri, Cincinnati and Louisville on the Ohio, and many others, are in like danger.

This is the alarming news being spread from New Orleans to Washington. The Red River thrills with it, the Yazoo Valley is filled with alarm. The Mississippi delta is shuddering daily at the thought of a battleship bombarding its levees. It is fear of the deep wa-

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terway which Congress is constructing that is causing this panic in the Mississippi Valley, and is leading Milwaukee's brewers to tremble, lest the warships, after passing the New Orleans forts in the best manner of Farragut, should sail on up past Chicago into the Great Lakes, picking up coal and food on the way from unsuspecting river transports. Now, the foregoing is not the plot of a new play entitled "An American's Home on the Mississippi"; it is a genuine statement of a propaganda to-day carried on in New Orleans in order to induce Congress to appropriate money "on a great scale" "for a powerful fortified naval base at New Orleans." We have always felt that this big-navy mania, this fear of conquest to which the Anglo-Saxon nations suddenly fall prey, was a species of madness. After hearing of New Orleans's fears for St. Paul's safety from naval attack, we are certain that it is nothing else than insanity—but calculated insanity.

The story of the Sugar Trust's stealings from the government and the restitution it has been compelled to make, brings out more than the old truth that corporations have no soul. It is also evident that some of our largest corporations have no face to blush with. For ten years and more the stealing went on, with the indubitable connivance of officers of the company who were powerful enough to stop the practice if they had so chosen. But here again men who would be horrified at the idea of theft in their private character, found it clever and legitimate to resort to the meanest form of theft, in behalf of the corporation they served.

The Constitutionalists in Turkey are determined not to repeat their error of last July. Mistaken clemency or mistaken caution made them accept a compromise with the old order. The cost measured in human lives has been revealed during the past three weeks in Asia Minor and elsewhere. The initial error is now being repaired. Abdul Hamid is removed from the scene, and upon those who aided him to stir up mutiny and massacre, stern punishment is being visited. Kipling and his school have popularized an argument against liberty for the greater portion of the human race. It consists in one word: "Oriental." When the East was created, the inhabitants thereof were doomed to servitude in perpetuity. Reaction naturally seizes upon the hackneyed argument: "In spite of Constitutions and Parliaments, the East will always be the East." This is own cousin to the argument that the iniquities of the Czar's rule are justified by the fact that when you scratch a Russian you find a Tartar. The Young Turk leaders seem to have accepted the charge of being Orientals with a certain grim humor. When Abdul Hamid's chief eunuch was hanged high on Galata Bridge for the people to gaze at, even as Haman was hanged, the desire to impress the Oriental mind was evident. When the murderers of a member of the Turkish Parliament are put to death on the precise spot where their victim fell, we catch a distinct echo of the Cadi of the Arabian Nights, who had transgressors hanged from their own door-posts. But that the Liberal leaders at Constantinople know the nature of the people they deal with is not to their disadvantage.

British capital, frightened by Mr. Lloyd-George's white apron, cups, and blood basin, is said to be contemplating a flight abroad. The rumor need not be taken seriously. In the first place, capital may be fugitive under hostile circumstances, but it has also the habit of fixity. When the Stock Exchange transfer tax was enacted in this State, we all remember how Wall Street was going to move across to Jersey City. In the second place, British capital, even if it would run away, scarcely has a place to run to. On its way across the Channel it may run full tilt into French capital migrating from the Paris Bourse, the inevitable outcome, according to the prophets, of the proposed French income tax. Should they both seek refuge in Germany, the Minister of Finance will welcome them with a broad smile and a knife behind his back. Capital need not deceive itself. The merry game of battleship-building has become world-wide, and wherever it shall go—Spain, Austria, Brazil, Argentina—capital will find finance ministers, chancellors, grand-viziers, and maghzens waiting impatient. Capital cannot run away. It must make up its mind to stay at home and fight. Capital, like labor, must fight against Dreadnought manias, against official incompetence and extravagance, against corporation stealing from the government. All these things must be paid for; and capital pays for them in high taxes as labor pays in high-priced loaves of bread.

The birth of a daughter to the Queen of the Netherlands is, of course, an event of political importance. Yet it is a question whether the natural and long-deferred desire of the Dutch has not tended to exaggerate the possible consequences of failure of issue to Queen Wilhelmina. Vast German ambitions were supposed to be contingent upon the death of Wilhelmina without a successor of her body. Holland has been regarded as essential to the Pan-Germanic ideal which contemplates a Teutonic Empire straight across Europe from the North Sea to the Adriatic. For commerce and war the Dutch harbors would be of tremendous value to Germany. Such an ideal, Germans may cherish or not, but the birth of an heir to the Dutch crown need not interfere with the plan, any more than the absence of a direct heir would have greatly facilitated it. The succession in the Netherlands is definitely regulated. If Wilhelmina had died childless, there were in Germany a number of heirs, second-cousins of Wilhelmina, and their children, to whom the crown would have legally descended. That the accession of a German prince would have brought nearer the danger of absorption by Germany by no means follows. It is almost a natural law for foreign princes to forget their nativity for the interests of the people over whom they are called to rule. Great Britain is not particularly Germanophil because the father of Edward VII was a German prince. If the Kaiser or his successors want Holland, they will have to take it by persuasion or by force in very much the same fashion, whether Queen Wilhelmina's children or her cousins occupy the throne.

In the new Italian Chamber there is one Deputy who will gain prominence as a compact and independent Parliamentary party of one. He is Don Romolo Murri, a priest, whose Radical activities, chiefly in connection with the National Democratic League, of which he is the founder, have brought upon him the penalty of major excommunication. Don Romolo advocates a sharper

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separation of Church and state than is now the rule in Italy. The state is to abstain from further interference in the administration of religious funds, and the ecclesiastical properties under its care are to be distributed among associations similar to those contemplated by the French Separation Law. On the other hand, the state is to guarantee freedom of instruction, with the right to pronounce on the scholastic programme. Feeling has been aroused in Rome by Murri's refusal to lay aside his priestly vestments. No ecclesiastical penalty can deprive an ordained priest of his sacerdotal character, and the Church admits the new Deputy's right to retain his priestly garments, while deploring that he should choose to exercise that right. With the strengthened Socialists and Radicals bent on a vigorous anti-clerical policy, the strengthened Catholics bound to resist bitterly, and Don Romolo Murri as an ecclesiastical free lance, Church questions are sure to form an important feature of Parliamentary discussion in the near future.

How rapidly nations forget is illustrated in the case of Portugal, which has experienced during the last half year a succession of ministerial crises. It would be imagined that such a bloodletting as Lisbon witnessed in February, 1908, would sober the country's judgment and turn its serious attention to the crying need of reform. The murder of King Carlos and the crown prince was brought about by the King's attempt to rule as a dictator. But this in turn had been made almost inevitable by the hopelessly corrupt state of parliamentary government. Two political parties, almost equally matched, worked steadily together for the looting of the state. The "rotative" system prescribed that as soon as one party had had its chance at the offices and the bribes, it should make way for the other. The dictator Franco tried to break up this system, the King was assassinated, Portugal for a time hovered on the verge of republicanism, and then it went back to the hallowed system of coöperative plunder. Once more the party of the Regenerators is engaged in regenerating the private fortunes of its leaders, and the party of the Progressists is making its regular recurrent progress through the pockets of the Portuguese people. No attempt is made to conceal the fact that the good old times are back again. People in Portugal must be very much like people in New York, where Senator Depew is again making after-dinner speeches.

TIGHTENING THE TARIFF GRIP.

Developments in the Senate have now gone far enough to show what the leaders of that body are prepared to do with tariff revision. In a word, they would make the tariff rates higher than before, with the only chance of change in an upward direction; and would so complicate and strengthen the administrative machinery designed to harry the importer and oppress the consumer, that the last estate of those unhappy citizens shall be worse than the first. This conclusion is the only one that can be drawn from the duties in the Aldrich bill, averaging slightly above those of the Dingley bill, and from the other proposals of Mr. Aldrich respecting a maximum and minimum tariff, and his sweeping amendments to the administrative sections of the tariff act. The whole performance must finally shatter the confidence, or the hope, which President Taft has cherished that he could "do business" with Senator Aldrich. It is now seen to be true, what an ex-Senator said when told of the inclination of the Administration to trust Aldrich to revise the tariff downwards: "Aldrich could give Taft all the trumps, and as many other good cards as you please, and still beat him!"

That the Rhode Island Senator has all along intended to give the lie to Republican campaign pledges of tariff revision, has now become abundantly evident. He has made himself the very prophet of the "stand-patters." And as if to destroy any last lingering doubt concerning his attitude come the amendments which he introduced last Friday. In his provisions for maximum and minimum tariff rates, he has completely reversed the position taken by both the McKinley bill and the Dingley bill. In them, we had high duties, to be sure, but the promise was held out of getting them reduced in practice, by means of reciprocity agreements. To-day, however, the only possibility of alteration is upwards. We may think Aldrich's level of duties high enough in all conscience, but he proposes to have them increased by 25 per cent. all around, in the case of any or all countries which discriminate against our foreign trade. True, this increase is left to the discretion of the President, and we may be sure that Mr. Taft would not abuse it: but the maximum tariff is made more of as a threat, than the minimum tariff is as an inducement; and in any event, we cannot hope to get a trade arrangement or reciprocity treaty which will lighten the burden of tariff taxes. Aldrich's figures will be the irreducible minimum, if he can make them so.

In the same way, his new Section 3, relating to the methods of collecting tariff taxes, reveals a purpose to make the administrative machinery a still more ready means of injustice. It contains, for example, the proviso that the appraisers may, in certain cases, completely disregard invoices and affidavits, and fix as the legal wholesale price abroad "not less than the wholesale price . . . in the United States, in the open market, due allowance by deduction being made for estimated duties thereon, cost of transportation, insurance, and other necessary expenses." Still more threatening than this, is the quiet proposal of Senator Aldrich to create a Court of Customs, consisting of a presiding judge and four associate judges, at a salary of $10,000 each. To this court shall be taken all appeals from any Board of General Appraisers, and its judgments or decrees "shall be final." That is, recourse to other Federal courts is cut off. Many famous customs suits have been taken to the Supreme Court, and great victories won in the interest of the consumer; but if Senator Aldrich's plan is adopted, a man may have his property taken away from him by this Court of Customs, while his right to appeal to the highest judicial tribunal will be cut off. The intent is obvious. Like all the other tariff schemes, which men such as Senator Aldrich favor, the aim is to tighten the grip of the tariff upon the consuming public remorselessly.

This week's debate and voting in the Senate may easily be critical. The game of the high-tariff intriguers is to secure enough votes to pass their bill very much as it is, on the plea that the measure will be altered for the better in conference between the two Houses. It

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is even said that the President has been urged to say nothing at present about the bad features of the Senate bill, in the hope that the conference will insist upon a really honest revision. But we hope that neither he nor any tariff-reform Senator is credulous enough to be taken in by this. If Aldrich can get his measure through, on whatever pretences, without serious opposition, he will lead the Senate conferrees to an unyielding battle with those from the House. The time to attack and check him is before the bill gets out of the Senate. Hence we welcome the statement that a dozen or so of revisionist Republican Senators from the West are to take the floor to expose and denounce the kind of tricky revision which Aldrich has devised. Only by meeting him openly and resolutely, and by refusing to vote for those exorbitant duties which he would levy, in defiance of party pledges and of all decency, can the hands of the Ways and Means Committee of the House be held up, and the way made ready for the emerging from conference of a tariff bill such as the country was promised, and strongly desires.

THE "COMMODITIES DECISION."

When Senator Elkins, in June, 1906, proposed an amendment to the Hepburn Railway Rate bill, forbidding a railway to transport from State to State any commodity (with certain specified exceptions) manufactured, mined, produced, or owned by such railway, he thus described its purpose. It was:

> To divorce transportation from production on the part of the railroads engaged in transporting coal they mined and sold in competition with other shippers, which was a great abuse. This abuse grew into a grievous wrong to independent shippers. I sought to correct this abuse by an amendment confining railroads to their legitimate business of transporting freight and passengers, and prohibiting them from engaging in the transportation of any commodity which they might own except for their own use.

The West Virginia Senator was undoubtedly prompted to his action by the independent coal producers of his State. They complained that conditions were most unfair and destructive to their business when the railways, on whose services the independent miner must depend to get his product to market, were themselves engaged in competitive coal production, and were favoring themselves in the matter of transportation. Quite apart from discriminatory rates, the railways would, it was alleged, find it inconvenient to provide the cars which the independent miner needed. Coal produced by the railroads had the right of way. The "commodities clause" was wholly directed towards the mining industry. It would have applied to such iron mines as were then controlled by the Great Northern Railway; but that company has since divested itself of its ore lands through transfer to a separate corporation and a contract with the United States Steel Corporation. Railways are not engaged in or connected with manufacture on any such scale as to make the "commodities clause" a matter of importance in that direction; and they produce on a large scale nothing but the articles referred to, barring timber, which is expressly excepted from the operation of the law.

The scope and purpose of the "commodities clause," then, are clear, and naturally the law was tested in the case of the coal-mining railways. When the government brought suit in the Federal Circuit Court, almost exactly a year ago, the Attorney-General contended that the prohibition affected coal in which a railway company had any interest, including coal produced by a company any of whose stock the railway held. Counsel for the railways argued that the "commodities clause" not only forbids transportation under such circumstances, but "absolutely outlaws . . . coal in which the railroad company originally had any such interest, no matter how many times the title to it changes within the State of Pennsylvania." On this assumption the argument proceeded that, since the railways could not divest themselves of their heavily-mortgaged coal property without great pecuniary loss, the effect of the clause was "the taking of the defendant's property, corporate rights, and franchises, without due process of law."

With this view of the case the Circuit Court concurred, Judge Gray's opinion of last September being that the clause "invades the right of the State by striking down the liberty . . . to engage in interstate commerce to the fullest extent as to all harmless articles, whether owned or not owned by the carrier, and deprives of their property these defendants, contrary to the letter and the spirit of the fifth amendment to the Constitution." On Monday the Supreme Court reversed the lower court's decision as to the constitutionality of the "commodities clause." It did so, however, by giving a very different interpretation to its scope. In this respect, the Supreme Court does not follow the argument of the Circuit Court, or that of the government, or that of the defence. It declares that ownership of stock in a manufacturing or mining company does not constitute ownership of the commodities produced, and cites prior decisions of its own to that effect. Therefore, the argument that property owned through stock investment would be taken from the railways without due process of law was irrelevant. As to the question of direct ownership of coal or other commodities by a railway company, the act merely provides that they shall not be thus owned while in process of transportation. In other words, the railway must in good faith sell products thus owned by it before transporting them—which involves neither hardship nor confiscation.

Attorney-General Wickersham points out that "the decision does not sustain the full contention of either the government or the carriers"; also that "it sustains the principle contended for by the government, that Congress has power to prohibit a carrier from carrying, in competition with other shippers, commodities which the carrier owns or in which it is interested." Indeed, Mr. Wickersham believes that, under the decision, Congress itself has the power, if it sees fit to exercise it, to extend the prohibition to products of companies in which the railway has merely a stock interest.

The probability or improbability of such action depends largely, we should say, on how the railways hereafter use the opportunities opened by indirect ownership. It may be made, by unscrupulous use, a real abuse and a grievance to both competing producers and the consuming public; or it may be so exercised as to conform to the principles of equity and fair play. For ourselves, in view of the extent to which power over traffic and prices has been extended in this country, through purchase of stock in one corporation by use of the credit of another, we cannot regard it as unfortunate that this particular weapon is left in the hands of the national legislature. The "industrial amal-

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gamation craze" of 1899 and 1901, the Northern Securities incident, and the more recent exploits in the field of railway corporations by Mr. Harriman, are landmarks which at least impress on the public mind the value of a power reserved in the hands of the people.

THE ENGLISH BUDGET.

The finance of English Liberalism was confessedly put to its trumps in the budget laid before the House of Commons by the Chancellor of the Exchequer last week. The financial record of the party had been better than of the Conservative Ministries immediately preceding. Until the demand for enormous sums for the navy, and the swelling expense of old-age pensions, disturbed the equilibrium of the budget, the Liberals had both remitted taxes and reduced the public debt. During the three years that Mr. Asquith was Chancellor of the Exchequer, the national debt was reduced at the rate of $75,000,000 a year. In 1903, the total was $3,800,000,000; it is now $3,480,000,000. This involves a diminution in the yearly interest charges to the amount of nearly $10,000,000. That was good financiering. But what the Conservative leaders had all along been hoping was, of course, that the Liberals would be driven into abandoning the policy of free trade. If only Mr. Balfour could see the Liberals make a beginning of tariff taxation, with incidental protection, his cup would run over. But that kind of net is spread in vain before any Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer. More sagacious as well as more honorable than our own Democrats, he recognizes party suicide when he sees it, and knows that it is better to fail, temporarily, with a sound policy, than to attempt to get on for a time by compromise, trickery, and self-stultification.

The figures for the current year were not so black as they were expected to be. During the last few weeks of the fiscal year, the revenue picked up surprisingly. At the same time, expenditures were somewhat held down. The net result was a deficit of about $7,500,000, much smaller than had until recently been thought certain. But it is the budget for 1909-10 that causes the difficulty. How to cover the increased expenditures of nearly $80,000,000 was the problem of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He could not dodge it, after the happy-go-lucky fashion of American public finance—letting the deficit go, and be hanged to it, or issuing bonds to pay current expenses, or putting up Senator Aldrich to guess that there will be money enough. Mr. Lloyd-George had to set it down in black and white, and show just what his new taxes will yield. In an unguarded moment, he once jested about robbing a hen-roost to get the financial eggs he might need. He might well have been reminded of what Montaigne says in his essay on "Glory":

> A man is not always at the top of a breach or at the head of an army. . . . He is often surprised between the hedge and the ditch; *he must run the hazard of his life against a henroost.*

Various small eggs, the Chancellor of the Exchequer can always put his hand upon through minor taxes. That he has done, here and there, in his budget. But it was all along evident that the main dependence must be placed upon the enlarged scope of old taxes. There are really, in England to-day, few "untapped" sources of funds for the Treasury. It is the land; it is inherited wealth; it is the tax on incomes, which alone furnish an elastic revenue. Accordingly, the expectation was strong that the Chancellor would be compelled to seek his eggs mainly in those nests; and he has done so. Added taxation of the land, in the shape of heavy levies upon freehold ground-rents in London and other great cities and a super-tax on large incomes are the resorts which the Chancellor has adopted. This plan has raised, in anticipation, the cry of "confiscation." It might, indeed, be the case that such taxes would bear very heavily, perhaps inequitably, upon the great landlords and the very rich. But there would be a kind of retributive justice in making them shoulder the new burdens, because they have been chiefly responsible for the increase of those burdens. By their insensate talk of war and artificial clamor for Dreadnoughts without end, they have pushed up the naval estimates abnormally, and it is only just that they should be made to foot a good share of the bills. If Lloyd-George could only find a way to make bellicose editors, too, put their hands in their pockets to pay for the folly which they have helped to blow so large, his justice would be fairly poetic.

Viewed purely as a measure of finance, the new English budget is capable and business-like. It goes straight to the point of raising the needed money by the necessary taxes. There is no artful attempt to conceal from the people the burdens which their representatives have voted that they shall bear. The Chancellor of the Exchequer simply comes forward remorseless as fate, to say to the House of Commons, and to the nation: "Since you have decided to spend such and such sums of money, I will show you how the uttermost farthing is to be got out of you." It is business applied to statesmanship. While the German government has struggled for months in vain to get through the Reichstag a tax-law to make income equal expenditures; while at Washington our system of taxation is left to guess-work and intrigue, with hugger-mugger the probable result, the English cling to their old successful way of making a responsible Ministry draw up a budget in which a tax is laid for every penny spent. Whatever else may be said of this, it is efficient finance.

Politically, the budget marks for the Liberals a decided lurch in the direction of the Radicals and the Labor party. The very taxes which make the City of London cry out in rage, fill the working classes and the Socialists with glee. To get at accumulated wealth by discriminating and depleting taxes, has long been their dream; and Mr. Lloyd-George has now made its realization seem much nearer. When we add that he has provided for labor exchanges, after the French model, and has outlined a scheme of state insurance of workingmen against lack of employment, we can see how strong a bid is made for the labor vote. With the Labor party split, as it now is, the Liberals may win some votes and retain some seats, as a consequence of their Radical budget. Yet their defeat is written in the stars, next year, or as soon as they step out or are turned out of office. They will have alarmed and alienated so many of their wealthy and middle-class followers that, as the drift of the bye-elections shows almost beyond a peradventure, the Conservatives will easily come back to power in the next general election. Thereupon, according to all precedent, all the Socialistic legislation of the Liberals will be, not repealed, but retained and extended by the Tories! It was so with the Irish land law, with the Harcourt graduated

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inheritance tax, and there is no reason to doubt that it will be so as well with Lloyd-George's taxes on wealth and favors to labor. Mr. Balfour will be able to reconcile his opposition to them when out of office with his adoption of them when in power. "There were grave objections to these measures, but now that they are enacted, and the people are used to them, and even seem to like them, it is not expedient to expunge them."

RESEARCH AND RESULTS.

The trustees of the Carnegie Trust, at their annual meeting held in London recently, discussed at some length the results of the effort to encourage original research in the universities of Scotland. Mr. Balfour, for example, was amazed to find that the number of failures was so small. It was not an easy task, he declared, to catch the right man, and the number of men worth catching was not very large. He divided these eligible persons into two classes: those who had the gift and ambition, but not "the rare and overmastering" desire which forces one into this career. Such men must be taken early before they are absorbed in the necessary occupations of life. There was also a higher class, "those who seem born for research," to whom the penetration of the secrets of nature and history seems an overwhelming passion, from which they are scarcely to be diverted. To these men, said Mr. Balfour, it was all important, "not for the sake of the men but for the sake of the community, that they should have a chance of devoting their talents to that great work for which God undoubtedly intended them."

Mr. Balfour thus emphasized an idea to which Americans have hitherto paid but little attention. Before the Carnegie Institution of Washington was established, there was scarcely any organized effort to promote research. A few of our better equipped universities maintained chairs of research, and a few others tried to afford some leisure to those teachers who displayed special aptitude in this line; but with a growing population pressing hard on our educational resources, most colleges have been forced to lay on their faculties too heavy a burden of instruction. An occasional professor has deliberately slighted his classes in order to do work which has seemed more important, but such cases are exceptional. The average professor has stuck doggedly to his assigned tasks and relinquished one ambition after another, till failing strength has forced upon him the bitter truth that his *magnum opus*, his monument more enduring than bronze, has been a dream. Such failures contain a large element of the tragic; for, in proportion as the aim has been high, so must the consciousness of failure be galling. And this is one reason why every college faculty contains men who carry the scars of the balked and the disappointed. In many instances, doubtless, these men might have come far short of success even had they been offered an opportunity to become authors, to edit important historical documents, or to penetrate the secrets of nature; but most of them can justly complain that they have never had a fair chance.

The effect on our institutions of higher learning has also been depressing. The tendency has been to stiffen the traditions of intellectual mediocrity which are already too strong, to maintain a faculty which is content merely to go through the motions of teaching without actually inspiring our youth. We would not be thought to urge a faculty made up of investigators, for successful investigators may be poor teachers, especially of young undergraduates; but a faculty which contains few or no men of eager and inquiring mind inevitably stagnates. In far too many of our small colleges, East and West, teachers and students are doing nothing but whirl round in their squirrel-cages, with immense outward activity, but no actual progress. We complain that our undergraduates are absorbed in athletics, in social affairs, and in everything but study. Such diversions offer a peculiarly strong temptation to youth, and the only way to draw the undergraduate in the other direction is to make study itself attractive. This is not the same thing as making courses slipshod and easy; quite the contrary. The real method is to rouse ambition, to quicken, to energize; and for this task men of force and ambition are needed, men who, while they discharge their daily duties faithfully, still look forward and aspire to something beyond the routine of the classroom, and thus give their pupils an outlook into the world that lies outside the shaded streets of the college town.

We have been using the words "research" and "investigation," but they are too narrow in scope. In all fields, much interesting and stimulating work is always to be done that cannot, strictly speaking, extend the boundaries of our knowledge. In the natural sciences, there must be constant reorganization of data, and restatement of principles in the light of new experimentation—constant popularizing, not vulgarizing, of the results obtained in our laboratories. This, which was what Huxley undertook, is no dry mechanical process, but a challenge to the most ingenious of minds, a sure means of intellectual development. And in history and economics, in philosophy, and literature in all its branches, the same labor awaits the skilled hand. The classics of all tongues must be edited and criticised from the point of view of men and women of to-day, reinterpreted in the terms of modern speech. History must be rewritten for every generation. To these important undertakings, America could and would lend far more help, to the great advantage of the cause of education and our higher life generally, if we could entertain a larger conception of the function of a college.

THE NEW STAGE OF PRAGMATISM.

I.

It is one of the difficulties of coping with a philosophy of the flux, that no sooner have you come to grips with it than it flows into another form and eludes your grasp. To read the bold frontal attacks of Messrs. Schinz and Pratt* and then to find that the adversary in a simultaneous publication† has already slipped to one side, is to recall the Homeric wrestling match with the wily old man of the sea. No doubt he is Proteus still, and the contest is with the same foe, but the weapons must be changed and the grip altered. The chief concern of Professor Schinz is to lay bare the social *milieu* out of which Pragmatism has grown, and his conclusions touch the problem of democracy and aristocracy. His criticism of American life and literature from this point of view is extraordinarily keen. Professor Pratt is concerned more with the religious outcome of the movement

**Anti-Pragmatisme.* Par Albert Schinz, Professeur à l'Université de Bryn Mawr. Paris: Félix Alcan.

What is Pragmatism? By James Bissett Pratt, Assistant Professor of Philosophy in Williams College. New York: The Macmillan Co.

†*A Pluralistic Universe:* Hibbert Lectures at Manchester College on the Present Situation in Philosophy. By William James. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

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than with its social meaning. The new philosophy is to him a part of the scientific tendency of thought which, in the words of a distinguished biologist, describes the Moral Imperative as a "psychic correlate of a reflective, cerebro-spinal, ideo-motor process, the efferent end of which is organized into motor tracts coördinated for a specific action." Whereto Mr. Pratt remarks gravely that this method "has pressed its splendidly useful and illuminating formulæ too far, it has attempted to simplify too much, and in doing so it has become somewhat narrow, somewhat blind, and somewhat unempirical." And he adds: "To my thinking, the pendulum has now swung too far in the anti-intellectualistic direction." Both writers make easy work with the equivocations of Mr. James's last book on "Pragmatism." And indeed it needs no profound study to see the weak joints in a logic which undertakes to determine the inmost nature of things by what we regard as pragmatically useful in our own lives, and to prove that truth is actually created by what we think it expedient to believe.

There is something like the hilarity of sport in dragging out the inconsistencies, if not insincerities, of a philosopher who has tried to defend rationally a system which is professedly an attack on rationalism. For just that, and nothing more, is Pragmatism. It is easy to show that such a philosopher ought, so far as the correspondence of logic and reality goes, to be a complete skeptic. Well and good. But what will you do if, before the ink is fairly dry on your book, this Proteus of the lecture hall is before the world with a recantation of his errors and a frank retreat to just such logical skepticism as you denounced him for not confessing. In one sense, Professor James's Hibbert Lectures are consistent with his past; they are in the right line of development from that temperamental impetus which by his own theory is the source of every philosophy, however he may have sloughed off various inconsistencies to attain this position. As a matter of fact, the word Pragmatism scarcely occurs in these lectures, and the attempt at their end to tack on a theory of creating, or even discovering, truth by the "practical reason" is purely perfunctory. Their central point, their crisis, so to speak, is the magnificent repudiation of the whole process of metaphysics:

> I saw (he says) that philosophy had been on a false scent ever since the days of Socrates and Plato, that an *intellectual* answer to the intellectualist's difficulties will never come, and that the real way out of them, far from consisting in the discovery of such an answer, consists in simply closing one's ears to the question. When conceptualism summons life to justify itself in conceptual terms, it is like a challenge addressed in a foreign language to some one who is absorbed in his own business; it is irrelevant to him altogether—he may let it lie unnoticed. I went thus through the "inner catastrophe"; . . . I had literally come to the end of my conceptual stock-in-trade, I was bankrupt intellectualistically, and had to change my base.

II.

To such an inner catastrophe, not unlike one of the conversions he has described so luminously in his "Varieties of Religious Experience," he was brought after long struggling with the problem of reason and covering hundreds of sheets of paper with memoranda of his self-questioning. As the worldling under the stroke of heaven forswears the world, so now he is "compelled to *give up logic*, fairly, squarely, and irrevocably." The apostle to him in this agony was the young sage of Paris, Henri Bergson, to whom many others, indeed, in these times of perplexity are turning inquisitive eyes, and to whom Mr. James devotes one of the most brilliant of his lectures. To that lecture itself, or to G.-H. Luquet's "Idées générales de psychologie," the questioner must be referred who hesitates to plunge into M. Bergson's own uncoördinated works. Mr. James centres his exposition about the hoary and awful paradox which sets Achilles forever approaching and never overtaking a tortoise, since by the time he reaches the tortoise's first starting-point, the tortoise has already got beyond that starting-point to another, and so on *ad infinitum*, the interval between the two being endlessly subdivided but never obliterated—just as ½ plus ¼ plus ⅛ may be prolonged into an infinite series without equalling unity. The solution is a statement of the absolute divorce between reason and sensuous experience; the one is discrete, the other is concrete and continuous. To analyze actual experience into the terms of the intellect is simply to use words without meaning:

> You cannot explain [by abstract concepts] what makes any single phenomenon be or go—you merely dot out the path of appearances which it traverses. For you cannot make continuous being out of discontinuities, and your concepts are discontinuous. The stages into which you analyze a change are *states*, the change itself goes on between them. It lies along their intervals, inhabits what your definition fails to gather up, and thus eludes conceptual explanation altogether.

With this sling of metaphysical negation he attacks Mr. Bradley, the champion of monism, or abstract idealism, or pantheism, or whatever you choose to call it; and, believe me, he makes good sport with the doughty Goliath of Oxford. I confess that to me monism has always been merely another word for monomania, and I have followed Mr. James's sallies into the madhouse with a kind of gay amusement. The attempt to catch and hold the universe in a syllogism, denying thereby all our concrete experience, all our sense of multiplicity and change, all our knowledge of evil, denying life itself for an abstract unity of the reason, has been one of the tyrannous obsessions of metaphysics. Common sense might protest against monism as a madness, but common sense is apt to shrivel away under the frown of a supercilious Reason, and Reason declares there shall be no contradiction in the sum of our experiences. The only escape is to deny the validity of reason itself as the sole criterion of reality. To this liberation Mr. James has been guided, or has at least been confirmed therein, by the new luminary of Paris, and now proclaims his gratitude. His protest against the whole school of German intellectualism will find an exultant echo in many laboring breasts. It is in a very literal sense the "psychological moment" for such an authoritative utterance as this:

> The English mind, thank heaven, and the French mind, are still kept, by their aversion to crude technique and barbarism, closer to truth's natural probabilities. Their literatures show fewer obvious falsities and monstrosities than that of Germany. Think of the German literature of æsthetics, with the preposterousness of such an unæsthetic personage as Immanuel Kant enthroned in its centre! Think of German books on *Religionsphilosophie*, with the heart's battles translated into conceptual jargon and made dialectic.

III.

Macte virtute! we cry, and toss hats into the air. There is no hope in Kant or any of his followers, for, as Mr. James rightly asserts, both wings of modern philosophy rest on intellectualist logic, "the absolutists smashing the world of sense by its means, the empiricists smashing the absolute—for the absolute, they say, is the quintessence of all logical contradictions. . . . Neither impugns in principle its general theoretic authority." I, for one, am ready to follow any leader out of the Egypt of Kantian metaphysics, and I would not belittle the honor due to M. Bergson and to Mr. James as the Moses and the Aaron of this exodus. Yet a word of demur must be entered against so extreme a statement as that "rationalism has never [before] been seriously questioned . . . and Bergson alone has been radical." Such an avowal rouses the suspicion that Mr. James himself has not really looked beyond the circle drawn by the wizard of Königsberg, that he too stands entranced in the illusion of the present. Sometimes as I consider with myself how this illusion daily more and more enthralls and impoverishes our mental life by cutting off from it all the rich experience of the past, it is as though we were at sea in a vessel, while a fog was settling upon the water, gradually, as it thickened, closing in upon our vision with ever narrower circle, blotting out the far-flashing lights of the horizon and

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the depths of the sky, throwing a pall upon the very waves about us, until we move forward through a sullen obscurity, unaware of any other traveller upon that sea, save when through the fog the sound of a threatening alarm beats upon the ear. Mr. James, who has pondered so well Bergson's analysis of the individual consciousness as a summing up of all the past, should have seen the application of the same definition to the general consciousness of mankind. He should have seen that Bergson's rejection of reason as the arbiter of reality was no new thing, but the old insight re-defined in the terms of modern psychology. Had he been more completely freed from the vicious circle of the present, he would have known that in denouncing Platonism as the type and source of rationalistic metaphysics, he had in mind not the Greek Plato, but a Plato viewed through Teutonic spectacles. The doctrine of reminiscence, and indeed of ideas themselves if properly understood, should have taught him that Plato's instrument of truth was an intuition far closer to the facts of consciousness than is any canon of discrete logic, and at one with the faculty of religious insight wherever and whenever this is found. The Neo-Platonists developed this method—while denuding it of vitality, making it "thin," as Mr. James would say—in their distinction between intelligence (νοῦς) and the non-intelligible One or the First Good. Henry More, in his tantalizing obscure rhymes, sought to unite this higher skepticism with Christian theology, as, for instance, in his "Life of the Soul" (ii, 98):

How then, said Graco, is the spirit known
If not by reason? To this I replied,
Only the spirit can the spirit own.
But this, said he, is back again to slide
And in an idle Circle round to ride.
Why so, said I, is not light seen by light?
Straight Graculo did skilfully divide
All knowledge into sense and reason right.
Be 't so, said I, Don Graco, what's this
reason's might?

If then, said he, the spirit may not be
Right reason, surely we must deem it sense.
Yes, sense it is, this was my short reply.

And Pascal meant the same thing when he declared that "there is nothing so conformable to reason as this disavowal of reason," and that "the heart has its reasons, which the reason does not know." To this extent the insight of faith is in agreement with the common-sense of the street, in so far as to both the meaning of the world is given by immediate experience rather than by any metaphysical system; and they are both in agreement with the complete skeptic in so far as they all hold their judgment in a state of suspension (ἐποχή) toward the pretensions of reason to act as the final arbiter of reality: "The truth is Pyrrhonism," said Pascal. In this contrast to rationalism, saint and man of the world and skeptic are at one; they diverge on other lines. It has seemed worth while to point, in passing, to this kinship of Bergson's psychological superrationalism with the constant attitude of faith, because the aspect of Mr. James's work which most deserves censure is the encouragement afforded therein to the particular vanity of our age—a smart contemporaneity. He should have pondered the scope of his own pregnant sentence: "If we do not feel both past and present in one field of feeling, we feel them not at all."

IV.

With this reserve, we may regard the call from metaphysics to a philosophy of immediate experience as altogether wholesome. Abstract reason is not in its own field a false thing, nor is it without indispensable usefulness in the application of experience to life; nevertheless, not through it shall we come into intimate touch with reality, but through life itself; the truth for us is not what we have defined logically, but what we actually feel and will. It does not follow, however, that in accepting heartily this method we must equally accept Mr. James's statement of the relative values of what he reports as obtained by the method; we may even suspect that in his evaluation he slips into the very error from which he is so eager to save us. Consciousness, he says, is not discrete, or divided into discontinuous moments, as it is presented to us by the reason, but is continuous; nor has it any conformity with the static void of monism. Time and change are of its essence, and if we wish to *know* reality we must "dive back into the flux itself." His cry is like the command of Faust to leave the musty cell and throw one's self into the stream of the world—*Hinaus ins Freie!* There is a splendid exhilaration in the call. There is grave irony as well as stirring exhortation in Mr. James's personal appeal to his audience:

If Oxford men could be ignorant of anything, it might almost seem that they had remained ignorant of the great empirical movement towards a pluralistic panpsychic view of the universe, into which our own generation has been drawn, and which threatens to short-circuit their methods [of monistic dogmatism] entirely and become their religious rival unless they are willing to make themselves its allies. Yet, wedded as they seem to be to the logical machinery and technical apparatus of absolutism, I cannot but believe that their fidelity to the religious ideal in general is deeper still. . . . Let empiricism once become associated with religion, as hitherto, through some strange misunderstanding, it has been associated with irreligion, and I believe that a new era of religion as well as of philosophy will be ready to begin. That great awakening of a new popular interest in philosophy, which is so striking a phenomenon at the present day in all countries, is undoubtedly due in part to religious demands.

A pluralistic panpsychic view of the universe. That is to say: as our only knowledge is experience and our experience is an inner consciousness flowing with ceaseless change about endlessly differing sensations presented to it from without, so the truth of the world for us is not monism, but pluralism. We are *du réel dans le réel*, but this reality is an infinite group of interacting, interpenetrating forces, over which no absolute law can be found to govern. And as these forces, like our states of consciousness, are in a constant mutation, so, like ourselves, they may very well be, in part at least, other streams of consciousness, meeting and embracing and repelling one another. How else, indeed, can they have any meaning or reality to us? The universe may thus be panpsychic, and one of the most interesting of Mr. James's lectures is a revival of Fechner's animism, with his vision of the world-soul enveloping and nourishing the souls of men. For the proof of such a theory Mr. James goes to what he deems the facts of experience:

In a word, the believer is continuous, to his own consciousness, at any rate, with a wider self from which saving experiences flow in. Those who have such experiences distinctly enough and often enough to live in the light of them remain quite unmoved by criticism, from whatever quarter it may come, be it academic or scientific, or be it merely the voice of logical common sense. They have had their vision and they *know*—that is enough—that we inhabit an invisible spiritual environment from which help comes, our soul being mysteriously one with a larger soul whose instruments we are.

By such steps the pragmatist, now rather choosing to be called the radical empiricist, arrives at the belief in a deity, who is by no means the static timeless absolute of the monist, with its foreignness from all things human, but a mighty God above other gods, "having an environment, being in time, and working out a history just like ourselves."

V.

It is a seductive theory and has at least that quality of "thickness" which Mr. James, with his genius for phrase-making, contrasts with the "thinness" of idealism. It is charming, but then the dog that trails always at the heels of the pragmatist will have his bark: Is it true? Somehow one cannot be quite at ease in this new Zion, and, reading M. Luquet's analysis of Bergsonism, I seem to divine where the trouble lies. When we enter upon the study of psychology, says that expositor, we must begin by discarding the logic which we used in the sciences. In this field contradictories no longer exclude each other. Every state of conscious-

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ness is at once an existence and a knowledge, the thing known and the knower, a part and the whole. Here identity and change, past and present, are simultaneous attributes of the same subject. And he continues:

> Hence we explain at once the existence and the falseness, at least relative, of the two opposed psychological doctrines called phenomenalism and spiritism. The latter sees in the ego an immutable substance which looks on with indifference at the unrolling states of consciousness; the former sees in the ego only a succession, a collection of isolated states of consciousness, of which the first has ceased when the second is produced.

This truth explains, I surmise, something more than the two present modes of psychology. Is not this irreconcilable dualism of consciousness the source of the two opposing schools of philosophy, which, ever since Parmenides and Heraclitus set forth the paradox of absolute rest and absolute motion, unity and multiplicity, identity and change, have been at each other's throats? Logic demands the rejection of a contradictory; and as the temperament of a man leads him to dwell on one or the other phase of his inner experience, so, if he is a metaphysician, he forthwith sets out to build a rational theory of the universe on that phase to the exclusion of the other. What, at bottom, is this Pluralism of Mr. James, but the same ancient presumption of the reason which he has himself so shrewdly denounced. His feeling for flux and change and multiplicity is a reality, a great and desirable reality, set over against the monist's exclusive sense of unity; but is it the whole of reality? How can one recall the innumerable witnesses of religion, or hearken to the self-revelation of the poets, how can one look into the mirror of one's own life, and not perceive that the sense of something immutable and undivided exists in some way side by side with the sense of everlasting flux, that there is within us some

> . . . central peace subsisting at the heart
> Of endless agitation?

Mr. James does, indeed, throw out hints that he has caught the meaning of this dualistic reality of experience, but, like other philosophers, he soon cowers at the imperious command of reason, and tries to hide the nature of his own submission to one horn of the dilemma by merriment over the writhing of Mr. Bradley on the other; meanwhile common sense stands like *das Weltkind in der Mitte.*

And if the Pluralism of Mr. James is no true substitute for dualism, but a rejection of the one for the many, so his Panpsychism commits the other error of metaphysics in translating a fact of inner experience into a theory of the universe at large. The comfortable belief in these world-souls and commingled spirits and finite Jehovahs is even a projection of our consciousness of personal change into the void, just as the monist's absolute abstraction is born of his consciousness of personal unity. No doubt we are not alone in the universe. Forces beat upon us from every side and are as really existent to us as ourselves: their influence upon ourselves we know, but their own secret name and nature we have not yet heard —not from Mr. James, or Mr. Bradley, or another. Until that prophet has appeared, I do not see what better thing we can do than to hold our judgment in a state of complete skepticism, or suspension, in regard to the correspondence of our inner experience with the world at large, neither affirming nor denying; while we accept honestly the dualism of consciousness as the illogical fact. Reason, I should suppose, may be our guide in determining the relative values to us of our opposed phases of consciousness. The will may be no Will to Believe—for we know—but a power to make of this choice of values the motive of contemplative and practical life. And, if I have read correctly the lesson of the past and of the present, faith, I dare avow, is something that strikes deeper than the mythologies of religion, or the imaginings of a fevered Pragmatism; it is the voice from our own centre of calm, asserting through all the noise of contradiction: "I am the better self and the higher value, the stronger life and the finer joy." To many who have looked steadfastly into the meaning of their inner life, that "wider self from which saving experiences flow in" will seem to be indeed a *wider self* rather than any environment of ghosts; and they will feel that in this belief they have a firmer assurance of reality than is offered to them by the new mythology of Pragmatism or Panpsychic Pluralism. They will think that John Woolman uttered the truth of dualism and of religion when he said: "The necessity of an inward stillness hath appeared clear to my mind; in true silence strength is renewed."

P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In 1906 the directors of the Virginia State Library made provision for the preparation of a Bibliography of Virginia. The period first taken up was Colonial Virginia and the report of the bibliographer, William Clayton-Torrence, covering the period 1607 to 1754, has just been printed. This is sent out as a pamphlet with the modest title "A Trial Bibliography," but an examination of the 154 pages, describing 219 books, pamphlets, and broadsides shows it to be a careful, accurate, and scholarly piece of work, hard to improve upon. The collations are moderately full; copies are located, so far as possible, in several public libraries, and references are given to earlier bibliographical works. Reprints are also referred to, and references are made to certain entries in the Stationers' Registers which, if ever printed, are not now known to exist. When we consider how many of the known pamphlets exist in one or two or three examples only it would be folly to say that those which have not been found were never printed. The historical, biographical, and bibliographical notes appended to many titles are especially interesting. The "Bibliography" as now printed ends with 1754. A note at the end says that descriptions of 230 additional titles, bringing the record down to 1776, had been prepared and that by a fire in the printing office the manuscript was destroyed. There is one early broadside, important because it is so early, which Mr. Clayton-Torrence seems to have overlooked and of which there is a copy in the British Museum, described as follows in the Fourth Series of William Carew Hazlitt's "Collections and Notes" (1903):

> Fort the Plantation in Virginia. Or Nova Britannia. London: Printed by John Windet. 1609. A broadside. B.M.
> An advertisement of an intended and approaching Voyage thither, and an invitation and encouragement to practical emigrants.

The late Dr. Alexander Brown discovered a transcript of this document in the Spanish archives, but was unable to locate a printed copy.

On May 12, 13, and 14 the Anderson Auction Co. of this city will sell the library of Mrs. Constance C. Poor of Tuxedo Park. The collection is chiefly notable for books on gardening and botany. Among the older works are Dodoen's "Newe Herball" (1578), Cook's "Manner of Raising, Ordering, and Improving Forest Trees" (1676), Cotton's "Planter's Manual" (1675), Gervase Markham's "Cheape and good Husbandry" (1631), Barnaby Googe's "Art and Trade of Husbandry" (1614). Important modern volumes are Sowerby's "English Botany," 13 vols.; Michaux's "North American Sylva," 3 vols.; Sargent's "Silva of North America," 3 vols.; Curtis's *Botanical Magazine,* 1787 to 1867, 93 vols.; and Paxton's *Magazine of Botany,* 1843 to 1849, 16 vols. A collection of fifteen autograph letters of Carlyle; Chaucer's Works, Kele's undated edition, also Islip's edition of 1602; and the Kelmscott Press Shakespeare, are other notable lots.

On May 11, 12, and 13 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co. of this city will offer the libraries of Dr. E. C. Williams of Chicago and R. N. Oakman, jr., of Brooklyn. Among the items are the first edition of Pope's translation of the Iliad (1715-20), with autograph receipt for the first payment, signed by Pope, inserted; Burns's "Correspondence with Clarinda" (1843), first edition; the first portion of the Catalogue of Robert Hoe's library, Early English Books, 5 vols.; and books from the Kelmscott Press.

On May 12 and 13 C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston sell the library and autograph collection of Franklin Webster Smith of Washington. Extra illustrated copies of Betterton's "History of the English Stage," and Charles James Fox's "History of the Early Part of the Reign of James the Second"; and a set of the Dunlap Society Publications are worthy of mention.

On May 10 and 11 Stan. V. Henkels will sell at Freeman's Auction Rooms in Philadelphia the library of the late John McAllister, jr., including a long series of Philadelphia directories, American almanacs and magazines, and a large collection of

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pamphlets extending from colonial times to the civil war. As addenda, to be sold at twelve o'clock Tuesday, are eight New England pamphlets: Underhill's "Newes from America" (1638), lacking plan; Wood's "New England's Prospect" (1639), lacking map; and six of the very rare tracts by John Eliot telling of the conversion of the New England Indians, with the following titles: "New England's First Fruits" (1643), as usual without the errata leaf; "The Day-Breaking, if not the Sun-Rising of the Gospel with the Indians in New England" (1647); "The Clear Sunshine of the Gospel breaking forth up on the Indians in New England" (1648); "The Glorious Progress of the Gospel amongst the Indians in New England" (1649); "Strength out of Weakness or a Glorious Manifestation of the Further Progress of the Gospel among the Indians in New England" (1652); and "Tears of Repentance; or a Further Narrative of the Progress of the Gospel" (1653).

A most remarkable Caxton volume will be included in Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge's sale of May 20 and 21. It is made up of five productions of Caxton's press: (1) "The Mirrour of the Worlde" (1481), (2) "Dictes or Sayings of the Philosophers" (1478), (3-4) "Cicero's 'De Senectute' and 'De Amicitia' (probably published together, 1481), and (5) "The Boke named Cordyale" (1479). The volume is in old oak boards, probably Caxton's original binding, and the pieces are all perfect and in fine condition. The book was recently discovered in an old Manor House in the North of England. Among other books included in the same sale are "Robinson Crusoe" (1719), 2 vols., first editions; Hakluyt's "Principal Navigations, Voyages, and Discoveries" (1589); Quarles's "Emblemes" (1635), first edition; Smith's "Generall Historie of Virginia" (1632), with the "True Travels" (1630); and several first editions of Tennyson, presentation copies to Sarah Hayword.

IN MEMORY OF SWINBURNE.

(Vale, vale, in æternum, vale!)

I.

April whispers—"Canst thou, too, die,
Lover of life and lover of mine?"
April, queen over earth and sky,
Yearns, and her trembling lashes shine:
Master in song, good-bye, good-bye,
Down to the dim sea-line.

II.

"This is my singing season," he cried,
"April, what sweet new song do you bring?"
April came and knelt at his side
Breathing a song too great to sing—
Death!—and the dark cage-door swung wide:
Seaward the soul took wing.

III.

Sleep, on the breast of thine old-world lover,
Sleep, by thy "fair green-girdled" sea!
There shall thy soul with the sea-birds hover,
Free of the deep as their wings are free,
Free; for the grave-flowers only cover
This, the dark cage of thee.

IV.

Thee, the storm-bird, nightingale-souled,
Brother of Sappho, the seas reclaim!
Age upon age have the great waves rolled
Mad with her music, fierce and a-flame;
Thee, thee too, shall their glory enfold
Lit with thy snow-winged fame.

V.

Back thro' the years fleets the sea-bird's wing:
Sappho, of old time, once,—ah, hark!
So did he love her of old and sing!
Listen, he flies to her, back thro' the dark!
Sappho, of old time, once!—Yea, Spring
Calls him home to her, hark!

VI.

Sappho, long since, in the years far sped,
Sappho, I loved thee! Did I not seem
Fosterling only of earth? I have fled,
Fled to thee, sister. Time is a dream!
Shelley is here with us! Death lies dead!
Ah, how the bright waves gleam.

VII.

Wide was the cage-door, idly swinging,
April touched me and whispered "Come":
Out and away to the great deep winging,
Sister, I flashed to thee over the foam;
Out to the sea of Eternity, singing
"Mother, thy child comes home."

. . . . . .

VIII.

Ah, but how shall we welcome May
Here where the wing of song droops low,
Here by the last green swinging spray
Brushed by the sea-bird's wings of snow,
We that gazed on his glorious way
Out where the great winds blow?

IX.

April whispers—"Canst thou, too, die,
Lover of life and lover of mine?"
April, conquering earth and sky,
Yearns, and her trembling lashes shine:
Master in song, good-bye, good-bye,
Down to the dim sea-line.

ALFRED NOYES.

Ewhurst, Rottingdean, Sussex, England.

Correspondence.

TENNYSON'S REVISIONS OF HIS POEMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The publication of the new Eversley Edition of Tennyson has called attention to many variant readings of the poems and reminds me of one that I discovered in the first American (1859) edition of the first four "Idylls of the King" ("Enid," "Vivien," "Elaine," and "Guinevere," as they were then entitled), which was printed from advance sheets, sent from England. Of two of these ("Enid" and "Vivien") six "trial copies," as the reader may know, had been printed in 1857, with the title, "Enid and Nimuë; the True and the False," only one of which is said to have survived—now in the British Museum. There is also a volume of proof-sheets at South Kensington, with the title, "The True and the False; Four Idylls of the King," dated 1859. It contains the poems, which, after further revision, were published in July of that year. In the authorized American edition (1859) a passage in "Vivien" (lines 148-151) reads thus:

She loathed the knights, and ever seem'd to hear
Their laughing comment when her name was named.
For once, when Arthur, walking all alone,
Vexed at a rumor rife about the Queen,
Had met her, etc.

This reading is found nowhere else, and the poet must have changed it before the London edition of 1859 was printed. There it reads:

She hated all the knights, and heard in thought
Their lavish comment when her name was named.
For once, when Arthur walking all alone,
Vext at a rumour rife about the Queen,
Had met her, etc.

Later the last lines were changed to the present text:

Vext at a rumour issued from herself
Of some corruption crept among his knights,
Had met her, etc.

The 1857 reading was:

She hated all the knights because she deem'd
They wink'd and jested when her name was named.
For once when Arthur, walking all alone
And troubled in his heart about the Queen,
Had met her, etc.

There are a few other slight discrepancies between the English and American editions, not recorded by any of the commentators, but hardly worth mentioning here. For the most complete and accurate collation of the *English* editions (including the 1857 proofs), the reader may consult Prof. Richard Jones's "The Growth of the Idylls of the King" (Philadelphia, 1895), in which I have detected very few omissions or inaccuracies.

Apropos of the "Idylls," there is a strange omission in the text of all the English editions, not excepting the one just edited by the present Lord Tennyson. In the "Memoir" of his father (Vol. II., p. 129) we are told that in 1891 the poet, "thinking that perhaps he had not made the real humanity of the King sufficiently clear in his epilogue" ("To the Queen"), had inserted "as his last correction" the line, "Ideal manhood closed in real man," after line 37: "New-old, and shadowing sense at war with soul." The "Memoir" appeared in 1897, and I inserted the line in

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the next issue of my edition of the "Idylls," and also in the Cambridge Edition of 1898. It is probably through mere oversight that it has not appeared in the English editions printed since 1891. I wonder if any reader has noticed that in *one* edition of the poems (I think only one, in 1897), Lord Tennyson included the poem entitled "Kate," first printed in 1833, but suppressed until after the poet's death. Apparently, on second thought, he decided to add nothing to the collected works as last arranged by his father.

Morton Luce ("Handbook of Tennyson's Works," 1895), and R. H. Shepherd ("Bibliography of Tennyson," 1896; printed for subscribers only), neither of whom is invariably accurate, mention six short poems omitted in the collected editions. I have found three of these, and have added them to the successive issues of the Cambridge Edition; but the others (not referred to in the "Memoir") I have not been able to trace. They are "a stanza in the volume of his poems presented to the Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein by the nurses of England; lines on the christening of the daughter of the Duchess of Fife; and lines to the memory of J. R. Lowell." Can any reader of the *Nation* help me in finding them? The lines on Lowell were probably reprinted here, but I have hunted for them in vain during the last ten years.

It is not generally known that Edward Lear made some two hundred drawings illustrating many of Tennyson's earlier poems. No English publisher was willing to incur the expense of reproducing them; but in 1889 a few of them were used in an edition of three poems—"Lines to E. L. on his Travels in Greece," "To a Daisy," and "The Palace of Art"—of which only one hundred numbered copies were published (London: Boussod, Valador & Co.), all signed by the poet, with a special introduction from his pen. Later the entire set was bought by Dana Estes of Boston, and as many of them as could well be used for the purpose were copied by photogravure for the *de luxe* edition of Tennyson (12 vols., limited to 1,000 copies), which I edited (1895-98). This edition had been planned several years earlier with the approval of the poet and his son, who assisted in the selection of the illustrations (of which a dozen or more were connected with single poems in some instances), and gave me other valuable help in the work. These drawings by Lear are not mentioned in the "Memoir" or any other book or article about the Tennysons that I have seen, and I was surprised to find no allusion to them in the recent "Letters of Edward Lear." Neither have I met with any mention of the large painting by Lear which hangs in the hall of Tennyson's summer residence at Aldworth. It illustrates one of the stanzas in "The Palace of Art" which describe tapestry pictures so graphically:

> One seem'd all dark and red—a tract of sand,
> And some one pacing there alone,
> Who paced forever in a glimmering land,
> Lit with a low large moon.

The picture *is* "all dark and red," with the full moon shining red through the twilight haze of the horizon; a solitary man striding across the foreground, and nothing else except a towering rock near the left side. The stanza is inscribed on the frame below. The painting was evidently hung in the broad, well-lighted hall, extending from the front to the rear of the mansion, because it was too large for the walls of any room. I am no connoisseur of painting, but the picture interested me greatly, and the more each time I saw it. The fifteen stanzas in the poem describing as many tapestries had always impressed me as remarkable examples of word-painting. Some of them have more of detail than this one—particularly that delineating a volcanic landscape:

> And one, a foreground black with stones and slags,
> Beyond, a line of heights, and higher
> All barr'd with long white cloud the scornful crags,
> And highest, snow and fire——.

a four-fold view of plain, hill, and mountain, ending with the trisyllabic "snow and fire"—active volcanoes towering above the snow-line, painted no less vividly than concisely. This poem, as the reader knows, was first printed in the volume of 1832 (published in the winter of that year, but dated 1833), but some of these pictures were much altered in 1842, and some were omitted. The two quoted here were then as follows:

> Some were all dark and red, a glimmering land
> Lit with a low round moon,
> Among brown rocks a man upon the sand
> Went weeping all alone.

> One seemed a foreground black with stones and slags,
> Below sunsmitten icy spires
> Rose striped with long white cloud the scornful crags,
> Deep-trenched with thunderfires.

Throughout the book compound words generally omit the hyphen, as here. Two of the omitted stanzas may be added, as the book is in no American public or college library (Boston and Cambridge not excepted) that I know of:

> Or Venus in a snowy shell alone,
> Deepshadowed in the glassy brine,
> Moonlike glowed double on the blue, and shone
> A naked shape divine.

> Or blue-eyed Kriemhilt from a craggy hold,
> Athwart the lightgreen rows of vine,
> Pour'd blazing hoards of Nibelungen gold,
> Down to the gulfy Rhine.

W. J. Rolfe.

Cambridge, Mass., April 28.

A WORD ABOUT CARDELIUS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent's query in your issue of April 1 about the writings of Cardelius interests me, and I am glad to be able to inform him of the probable source of the quotation he has seen—though who could have taken the pains to translate even a slight portion of this little-known writer interests me—and I would in turn beg to know how the extract referred to may be obtained.

John or Joachim Cardelius was one of the most learned writers of the sixteenth century. He was a native of a small town in Franconia and son of a physician who is reputed never to have taken physic or to have been bled. At the age of ten our writer was graduated by his teacher as knowing more than he did; and thereafter the pupil succeeded to the master's perquisites. He had a peculiar affection for the classics, was a humanist in everything but his humanity, and wrote a vast quantity of Latin verses, dealing chiefly with the delights of learning, of which he was entitled to speak, and of marriage, of which he could have known nothing, since he is reputed never to have entered wedlock. One of his works best known in his day is on the virtues of garlic, another on the spread of polite literature among the peasant classes, and a third on the diseases that affect bookworms. Singly his works are very rare—*rarissima*—as is the collected edition also, printed by Mauretius and only mentioned, so far as I know, by Euges in his "Icon illustrium Virorum," where our writer is spoken of as follows:

Eo provectus est Eruditionis, ut communi Doctorum omnium consensu, peritiorem Linguæ Græcæ neminem, in Latina vero Lingua disertiores perpaucos, exactiorem autem nullum scriptorem habuerit Germania, sicut plurima ipsius monumenta testantur.

Robert Restieaux.

New York, April 15.

PLAGIARISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Prof. T. M. Parrott opens his interesting communication in the *Nation* of April 15 by the somewhat wide generalization that "the idea that the first, if not the sole, duty of an author is to be original at all costs is distinctly modern. The very word 'plagiarism' was unknown to the Elizabethans." One of Professor Parrott's examples is Jonson. In Jonson's works (ed. of 1640) is an "Epigram to Proule the Plagiary":

> Forbeare to tempt me Proule, I will not show
> A line unto thee, till the world it know;
> Or that I have by two good sufficient men,
> To be the wealthy witnesse of my pen, etc.

This seems to show that Jonson knew the thing—when he saw it in another. Quite a little anthology might be adduced, in fact, from Jonson, and other Elizabethans, to show that—under such conditions—plagiarism was one of those airy nothings included in poetical nomenclature.

Antedating the Elizabethans, middle age literature is full of the literary scandals of authors

> Whom the lore of centuries, plus a hundred fights,
> Taught no great respect for one another's rights.

The lore of centuries indeed. Horace discusses the practice; Plutarch reprobates an instance of it in Epicurus (?), and Professor Parrott well shows that the Elizabethans knew their classics.

The Elizabethans, under the mellowing action of time, seem very fine people in their way, but "Victoria has thieves as good." Why Professor Parrott's undeserved slur on the "over-scrupulousness" of modern writers? Were it not invidious to select from such abundance of material, one might well adduce modern authors who could give spades and trumps to Alcyonius himself, who was accused of having burned the only known copy of Cicero on Glory that his own might not suffer by the discovery of his borrowings therefrom.

Bunford Samuel.

Philadelphia, April 27.

GREAT BRITAIN AND GERMANY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: To your explanation (April 15) of the deplorable condition of the Anglo-German relations, I should like to add a word. It is undoubtedly true that between the

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common people of Germany and Great Britain there is little if any widespread hostility, but undoubtedly there is considerable acerbity between the commercial and official classes of those nations. And the reason is not far to seek.

Judging from the tone of British newspaper and magazine articles as well as speeches in Parliament, the British have viewed with complacency, or at least without alarm, the growth of the German army and the military supremacy of Germany in Europe. No very serious objections have been urged against German colonial expansion outside of Europe. Birmingham and Manchester have felt the pinch of German competition pretty keenly, but if the people of Central and South America prefer cheaper German goods, *que voulez vous?* World commerce is free, and that is part of the game.

"But how about the German navy?" the British public is asking. "What will it be used for?" What is the need of such a tremendous navy? Why such a startling disproportion between the size of the German navy and the amount of German ocean-borne commerce? So long as the British navy has been supreme, no restrictions have been laid on foreign commerce except tariffs by the foreign countries themselves; but, supposing the German navy were supreme, would these free-trade conditions continue to be open to all competitors? Great Britain lives by foreign commerce—it is the breath in her nostrils, the blood in her veins, the food in her mouth. She lives by manufacturing for and trading with foreign countries; and it is an absolute prerequisite of her existence that there should be complete security on the ocean for her traffic and commerce. Present conditions of world-commerce demonstrate that with the British navy supreme all nations, great and small, may traverse the ocean in absolute security and unhampered in search of markets and trade; but, judging from Germany's commercial methods and her past economic history, is it certain that such conditions would last if the Germans were supreme at sea? And with changed conditions, what will become of Great Britain's foreign commerce, and, with her foreign commerce restricted or imperilled, what becomes of Great Britain? We in the United States could manage to worry along pretty comfortably even if all of our ocean-borne commerce were shut off; but under similar conditions Great Britain would die of inanition in six weeks. These are some of the problems agitating the British public at present.

Of course, it may be that the Kaiser is laying down new Dreadnoughts merely in a spirit of facetiousness, and the feverish activity of German naval ship yards is all a huge joke. If so, the most excruciating part of the joke lies in the fact that it seems as if Germany in 1912 would have more Dreadnoughts in her navy than Great Britain. Add to this that Austria, Germany's ally, has taken to building Dreadnoughts, that the Russian navy is a minus quantity, that the French navy according to recent revelations is unfit—and the joke becomes positively killing. Meanwhile, Germany placidly assures Great Britain of her earnest desire for peace. According to our humorists Englishmen are slow to see a joke of any sort, and clearly Anglo-German diplomacy has a large task ahead of itself to convince the British public that there is nothing serious in the present German naval programme.

E. L. C. MORSE.

Chicago, April 19.

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the interests of accuracy kindly allow me to correct an error into which Prof. Arthur W. Goodspeed fell, in his account, in your issue of April 29, of the recent meeting of the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia. Prof. Christian Hülsen, secretary of the German Archæological Institute in Rome, is credited by many of us as being the greatest among Roman topographers of the present day; but he is a German, and *l'Italia farà da se.* The gentleman who "has been in charge of the excavations of the Forum in Rome," as well as of other things, is Commendatore Giacomo Boni, who should not be deprived of any of his well-deserved credit, even in the popular mind.

E. T. M.

University of Chicago, May 1.

Notes.

Longmans, Green, & Co. have ready for early publication, "Five Months in the Himalaya," by A. L. Mumm, formerly secretary of the Alpine Club; and "The Basis of Ascendancy," by Edgar Gardner Murphy.

The Yale Publishing Association has in press "The Journal of an Expedition Across Venezuela and Colombia, 1906-1907," by Dr. Hiram Bingham. The author gives the results of explorations made by him over the route traversed by Bolivar in the celebrated march of 1819 and on the battlefields of Boyaca and Carabobo.

Next autumn A. C. McClurg & Co. will give us two books of political memoirs, one "The Diary of James K. Polk," the other Adlai E. Stevenson's "Something of Men I Have Known." Polk's Diary was used by Professor Garrison in writing the seventeenth volume of "The American Nation," and James Schouler also made use of it, but it has never been so well known as its historical value is said to warrant.

The April issue of *The American Journal of International Law* opens with an elaborate eighty-five page study by Alejandro Alvarez, Councillor of the Chilian Foreign Office, "Latin America and International Law." He finds during the entire period since allegiance to the European home governments was severed a determination to foster and perpetuate the idea of Latin-American solidarity, however the realization of that determination may have been interrupted by contests between certain of the so-called republics. The editorial comment sets forth the exact status of our controversy with Venezuela. Due emphasis is laid on the first decision of the Central American Court of Justice, the interposition of that court in the dispute between Honduras on one side and Guatemala and San Salvador on the other, without either of the litigants having made a request for such action, resulting, as the editorial declares, in preventing the outbreak of war. The judgment of the court is given, in a literal translation. The editor also comments on a real diplomatic triumph—that of M. Isvolsky, Minister of Foreign Affairs for Russia, in proposing a mode of solving the Balkan question, which has met the approbation of Bulgaria, and of the signatories of the Treaty of Berlin. The details of our remission of a part of China's indemnity for damages growing out of the Boxer troubles of 1900, are also given, and the preliminaries to what is likely to be a final settlement of the Newfoundland fisheries controversy. The Supplement presents the treaties that affect the Panama Canal. The number is noteworthy as exhibiting triumphs of diplomacy in averting the peril of war.

Sturgis & Walton of this city have been brave enough to bring out a new edition, neatly printed and bound, of "The Lost Tales of Miletus," by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. We should be interested to know how many readers can be found to-day for these rhythmical experiments in rhymeless stanzas. The poems sound pretty thin when compared with the richer work of William Morris in "The Earthly Paradise."

A timely reissue for this season, when the flood of travel to Europe is beginning, is "The Playground of Europe," by the late Sir Leslie Stephen (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The handsome typography and binding are uniform with those of other volumes by Stephen published by the same firm. This book, as many of our readers will remember, is made up of papers on Switzerland and the Alps, most of them written when this enthusiastic Alpinist was a young man. The illustrations are excellent half-tones.

A fourth edition of Baedeker's "United States, with Excursions to Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico, and Alaska" has just been issued (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons). The excursions to Cuba and Porto Rico appear for the first time in this volume. There are thirty-three maps, as compared with twenty-five in the third edition, and forty-eight plans, as compared with thirty-five. The handbook on the United States is perhaps not so well known as those volumes of the series which treat European countries, but, like all the rest, it is crammed with useful and interesting information.

Largely through the instrumentality of the graduate schools in our greater universities, the history of the United States, especially during the eighteenth century, is being rewritten in monographs on particular periods, districts, or movements. Of such works one of the most important which has recently appeared is Dr. E. P. Tanner's "Province of New Jersey, 1664-1738," which forms Volume XXX of the Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law. It is a monument of painstaking research. Its 700 pages give us the most minute and scholarly account yet produced of any colony during a similar period. Dr. Tanner seems to have exhausted all printed and accessible manuscript material on the subject, which is primarily "an account of the political institutions of New Jersey during the period of her executive union with New York." One wonders, however, whether some light might not have been thrown on certain

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features of the work by consulting the Journals of the Lords of Trade and Plantations, preserved in Philadelphia. The field covered is one of much interest, and no little difficulty, and his careful discussion of the proprietorships and the land systems of East and West Jersey will be welcomed by all who have had to do with those troublesome questions. By far the larger part of the study is, of course, devoted to the administrative aspects of the province. He has chapters on the Governors and their powers; the Council, its personnel, its legal position, in administration and in legislation; the General Assembly and the conflict between Executive and Legislature; the judicial, financial, and militia systems; the Church of England; and concluding chapters on the proprietorship under royal rule. The critical apparatus, and the elaborate index, are good. Such work has much to commend it. And not the least of its uses is that some day, on the basis of these studies, we may come to a better understanding of those political and administrative situations which underlay and led up to the American Revolution. Then we may hope to have adequate histories of that most important event.

A formula book of English official historical documents is in process of publication by the Cambridge University Press under the editorship of Hubert Hall of the Public Record Office. Mr. Hall originally planned this collection as an appendix to his "Studies in English Official Historical Documents," but as the work increased in bulk, he finally decided to issue it as a separate publication. The first volume, which has now appeared, contains diplomatic documents, 225 in number, dating from the eighth to the nineteenth centuries. They are classified in groups and in some instances, for example the nine instruments illustrating the passage of the Connecticut charter through the seals, form a continuous series. The documents were transcribed by the seven members of Mr. Hall's seminar in the London School of Economics, Mr. Hall selecting the specimens and assuming all the responsibilities of editorship. The work is admirably done and its usefulness is beyond dispute. The only previous "Formulare Anglicanum" is that of Thomas Madox issued in 1702, a collection almost entirely legal in character and much more limited in scope. Mr. Hall proposes to issue a second volume to contain formulas of surveys, inquisitions, accounts, and a few selected judicial records. When completed, the work will be a helpful introduction to the still youthful science of diplomatics.

"When Railroads Were New," by Charles Frederick Carter (Henry Holt & Co.), is the outcome of the conviction that no satisfactory account of railway beginnings is available to the general reader. To admit this contention is to overlook the classic writings of Charles Francis Adams and the standard histories of individual systems such as Smalley's "History of the Northern Pacific." Upon all of these the author has evidently drawn in his attempt "to gather the floating fragments of railroad history having a human interest into a coherent narrative." Yet there is not a word of acknowledgment or a bibliographical reference. That he has cultivated his field assiduously is clear from the abundant harvest of new and fugitive material which he has garnered. Amid such an array of matter one expects to find occasional errors in dates and points of fact, but these could be more readily forgiven if the finality of statement, so prevalent throughout the book, were supported by the evidence. Such evidence seems called for, when we are told, for example, that Peter Cooper antedated Stephenson in the invention of the multitubular boiler and the artificial draught. Yet the author with his keen sense of the humorous and the dramatic, traces in a most entertaining way the struggles of the idealists to overcome the conservatism of capital, the opposition of vested interests, and the prejudices of the blind and the ignorant, and, barring his all too frequent descent into flippancy and slang, presents his material effectively. We follow the pioneer days of the most important seaboard railways, of the "incubator" roads of the Middle West, and the romantic construction of the Pacific lines whose completion was celebrated by processions, feasting, and the driving of golden spikes. Finally we reach the prosaic birth of the Canadian Pacific, brought to life in an undemonstrative business-like fashion—at the completion of which its general manager only remarked, "The last spike will be just as good an iron one as there is between Montreal and Vancouver. Any one who wants to see it driven will have to pay full fare."

F. Frankfort Moore comes to the study of the eighteenth century—"A Georgian Pageant" he calls his book (E. P. Dutton & Co.)—as a child of Erin and as novelist. The combination is rather piquant when you consider that his subjects are Fanny Burney, the Thrales, Dr. Johnson, The Gunnings, Goldsmith, Sheridan, the Rev. James Hackman, and others who flutter about that lively company of British and Irish folk. You feel the touch of the novelist and dramatist in the very opening scene, which discloses Fanny Burney in Kew Gardens pursued by mad King George. The account of that famous adventure is vivid enough in Miss Burney's Diary, but Mr. Moore can tell you just what gestures she made, and precisely what lines of verse "flashed through her active brain," with the divination which has always been the prerogative of his school. As for the child of Erin, his huge indignation against any one who has smiled at the two Gunning girls or their masterful mother, or hinted that they had a brogue, his outcry over poor Boswell's contempt of Goldsmith, his rage with Johnson and Mr. Thrale—a hundred little touches throughout the book tell where his heart lies. "Where is there an element of romance in the story of the Gunnings?" he exclaims; "they were by birth entitled to the best, and by beauty to the best of the best. As it was, the one only became the wife of a contemptible duke [two dukes in succession], the other of a ridiculous earl. It may really be said that they threw themselves away." It is not their romance Mr. Frankfort really means to deny, for, as a trained novelist, he is careful to wring the full measure of that element of interest out of their story; his quarrel is with those who, like Walpole, saw anything odd in this capture of England from Castle Coote, County Roscommon. For Goldsmith the converser, Mr. Frankfort makes out a strong case; undoubtedly the sneers of Boswell & Co. were due in part to their priggish inability to understand a right Irish humor, but it is hard to believe also that Goldsmith did not at times talk like poor Poll. The evidence is too strong. The curious thing is that Mr. Frankfort stumbles into the very same pitfall when he denounces Johnson's conversation, failing to catch the note of British humor in the doctor's exaggerations. Of all Mr. Frankfort's chapters the truest seems to us to be that on the tragic story of Mr. Hackman and Miss Reay. Here his training enables him to analyze as interesting a psychological problem as ever confronted a novelist. He should, however, have given his reasons for accepting the whole of that correspondence as authentic. Altogether his book is more entertaining than the average writing of the kind on the comedy of the eighteenth century.

The motley multitude of wonders ascribed to the Virgin during the age of faith and fancy is represented in the New Mediæval Library by a selection mainly from the thirteenth century collection of Gautier de Coinci, translated into English by Alice Kemp-Welch, under the title, "Of the Tumbler of Our Lady and Other Miracles" (Duffield & Co.). Though these stories are told quite simply and briefly for religious edification only, several of them contain matter which should be attractive to mediævalizing poets. The first, by the way, was elaborated by Edwin Markham no longer ago than 1907, into an unusually meritorious Christmas poem, called the "Juggler of Touraine." There is a considerable diversity in the marvels here recorded—a knight whose place in a tournament is taken by Our Lady, a violin player to whom the image of the Virgin bows, a monk who dies in an actual odor of sanctity, with five celestial roses in his mouth—but these are all, so to speak, conventional and orthodox miracles, such as might have happened to any well-regulated devotee. There is nothing here to illustrate the curious vulgar extension of the Virgin's benefactions to an interposition, sometimes grotesque and profane, in the affairs of bakers and tapsters, the desperate crises of pious thieves, and the predicaments of religious but very worldly sinners. That play of a primitive and untutored credulousness which, as in the apocryphal New Testament, credits a divine being with a purposeless and even immoral display of power, is to the general student not the least instructive aspect of popular mediæval literature. For it was but one step from the credulity of the ignorantly devout to the skepticism of the free-thinker who, in derision, fabricated burlesque miracles easily mistakable for originals. A future volume in this series might well be devoted to the highly interesting group of ambiguous legends clustering about the Virgin.

The Proceedings of the Bostonian Society, just published, contain the annual address of the president, J. F. Hunnewell, on the historical museums of Europe, the most noted of which is that in Zurich, where in some sixty rooms "over sixteen hundred years of national history are illustrated." The one in Munich is the largest, its nearly one hundred halls showing the great

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length and variety of Bavarian history from the rudest to the most civilized ages. S. A. Bent proves satisfactorily and with many interesting facts the mythical character of the commonly accepted story that Mary Chilton was the first passenger of the Mayflower to step upon Plymouth Rock. The portraits of two colonial patriots, James Otis and Samuel Adams, with sketches of their careers, add value and attractiveness to the publication.

Alfred P. Schultz's "Race or Mongrel" (L. C. Page & Co.) is one of those curious but well-meant productions which cannot be commended without serious qualification, yet whose reading is not devoid of stimulus and profit. Upon the foundation of a brief and fragmentary outline of the history of ancient nations is reared the theory that the fall of nations is attributable to promiscuous intermarriage with alien stocks, and that the one sure source of national strength and perdurance is racial purity. What tells in the struggle for survival is not government, or institutions, or education, or religion, but blood. The inevitable result of indiscriminate racial mixture, as Mr. Schultz constantly asseverates and tries everywhere to show, is the production of a mongrel type containing in itself no power of development or perpetuation, and doomed to extinction. In proof, we are pointed to the history of the Hindus, the Greeks, and the Romans, and of the present South American whites, "bastards of incompatible races, the descendants of two, three, and more cultures that have nothing in common, of races that belong to different periods of development" (p. 163). On the other hand, the Jews, whom Mr. Schultz apparently thinks of as likely to possess the earth, and the Anglo-Saxons in Europe and America, owe their ascendency and permanence to abstention from intermarriage, save under rigid conditions of selection, with alien races. The particular lesson of all this for us is that the United States should rigorously restrict immigration, shun with horror the absorption of alien neighbors like the Mexicans, and see to it that the foreigners who come to us be allowed for a generation the free use of their native language as a safeguard against too rapid assimilation. To show the incompleteness of Mr. Schultz's survey of human progress would be to elaborate a treatise on anthropology and sociology; and we cannot but fear that his book, notwithstanding the crude vigor of its language and the undoubted suggestiveness of its observations, will be classed by students as an extreme and one-sided presentation of an interesting and vital subject.

Three volumes of Richard Dehmel's works are issued by S. Fischer of Berlin: "Lebensblätter," "Betrachtungen über Kunst, Gott, und die Welt," and "Der Kindergarten." Hitherto Herr Dehmel has contented himself with printing his thoughts at random; and it is only in his collected works that one sees how prolific and vigorous a writer he is. In his "Lebensblätter," for example—a rather unfortunate title, since Dehmel himself once issued a volume of poems under the same name—there are a dozen good short stories, modern German in spirit, and yet having much of the old-time mystery and magic about them. The best are "Die drei Schwestern," "Der Werwolf," and "Der lächelnde Erbe," all infused with poetic fancy. Dehmel's "Betrachtungen" disclose the thinker, but not the man of such sober, dry thought that no one but an abstract philosopher will read him. He wishes to reorganize men's ideas about beauty, nature, the purity and preservation of language, the moral training of children, public discourse, the relation of personality to art, and the value of art to the masses. He sees the humor in even the most serious of situations, and knows that if he can make others see it also, he will the more easily convince and convert. In remarkable contrast, as coming from the same author, is the volume of stories, poems, and plays designed for the kindergarten world. Here are quaint jingles and rhymes, suggesting sometimes Mother Goose, but more often Stevenson or Eugene Field. A particularly charming poem is that which pictures the revolving, starry heavens as "The Great Merry-go-Round." Here also are simple plays, such as little children may easily produce, designed to awaken in the expanding mind, perhaps, some of that same curiosity for the stage which Goethe early experienced. How the author of the more serious essays could put and keep himself so effectually in touch with the young would be, perhaps, a mystery if one did not perceive that he finds in child life and children, the beginning of human development, a theme of absorbing interest not always vouchsafed to those who have become sobered and burdened with prosy affairs.

The recent action of the Prussian government in admitting women to the universities on an equality with the men and the thorough reorganization of the secondary schools for girls in the kingdom are producing fruit in the shape of books treating the historical and the theoretical phases of the problem. One of the best of its kind is that of Dr. B. May, "Die Mädchenerziehung in der Geschichte der Pädagogik von Plato bis zum 18. Jahrhundert" (Strassburg and Leipzig: Josef Singer). The author confines himself to a discussion of the theories that have been urged in reference to the education of women, but does not take up the practical attempts to realize these ideals. In the Grecian age he deals chiefly with Plato and Aristotle; in the middle ages largely with Jerome and Vincentius of Beauvais; in the period of the renaissance, with the Hispano-Dutch humanist John Louis Vives; in modern times with such men as Erasmus, Luther, and Fénelon. Unfortunately the book closes with the end of the seventeenth century, and hence ignores the even more interesting period that begins with the eighteenth. The book has the merit of being a systematic summary of what has so far been found scattered through many works.

Under the title, "Religionsgeschichtliche Erklärung des Neuen Testaments," Prof. Carl Clemen of Bonn has published an exhaustive and thorough study of the dependence of early Christianity upon the non-Jewish religions and philosophical systems (Giessen: Alfred Töpelmann). He has collected with utmost pains the assertions of such dependence from Philo and Celsus to the latest phase of the "Babel und Bibel" controversy, which was brought so prominently to general notice by the lectures of Professor Delitzsch and the theological fulminations of the German Kaiser. With the greatest care he has examined the large number of suggested parallels between early Christian views and expressions and other Oriental religions, cults, and philosophies, determining by careful criticism whether dependence existed, and in which direction and to what extent. Every phase of Christian doctrine and each item in Christian history is compared with similar topics in non-Christian literature. His conclusion is that in the preaching of Jesus and the Synoptic Gospels direct or indirect influence is to be found only in particular expressions, metaphors, and parables. In some of the speeches of the Acts, on the contrary, he asserts direct dependence upon the current Greek philosophy, especially Stoicism. Yet all in all the Christian system is declared to be independent and original, foreign sources having affected only the periphery of Christian literature, not the essence of the faith itself. The result of the most careful comparative study of Christian origins Professor Clemen believes will be an apologetic gain, revealing the non-Christian source of some of the conceptions which have been an incubus on the Christian faith and leaving its essential message in clearer light. The method of the investigation is fair, cautious, and impartial. The student will find an abundance of salient material gathered from widely scattered sources. In this field, where vague and general assertions have been abundant and hasty conclusions rife, such thorough criticism was much needed, and the interests of sober and unprejudiced truth will be served by wide use of Professor Clemen's study.

Of the French works which have been called out by the approaching Calvin centenary in July one of the most important and most able is Prof. C. Doumergue's "Jean Calvin: Les hommes et les choses de son temps (Lausanne; Bridel). The author draws from many sources, from the letters of Calvin especially, but also from other documents. As the subtitle indicates, the work is really a history of the thought and the civilization of the age of Calvin. Nowhere else is the historical setting of the Geneva reformer more fully described. Indeed, it may be an open question whether Doumergue has not, by the very abundance of materials, crowded the person and the work of Calvin into the background. Of the five volumes that are to constitute this set, the fourth, entitled "Le Programme," and the fifth, "La Lutte et le triomphe," are yet to appear. Those that have been issued are called "La Jeunesse de Calvin," "Les Premiers Essais," "La Ville, la maison et la rue de Calvin." Each is handsomely illustrated. Thus far there has been a little too much special pleading for the hero.

It is proposed to establish at Columbia College a library of English literature in memory of Prof. George Rice Carpenter. A nucleus for the memorial already exists in the form of several volumes gathered together by Professor Carpenter for the use of students in English and comparative literature. It is expected that a separate room will be set aside for the collection when it has attained sufficient size. A committee has been formed to take charge of the matter, composed of Profs. William T. Brewster, Wilson Farrand, Jef-

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ferson B. Fletcher, G. C. D. Odell, and Ashley H. Thorndike, together with James G. Croswell, Frederick P. Keppel, secretary, and John B. Pine, clerk of the board of trustees.

The following appointments have been made for next year at the American School of Classical Studies in Rome: Guy Blandin Colburn, A.B. (Brown University), Ph.D. (University of Wisconsin), acting professor of Latin in Iowa College, to the fellowship of the Archæological Institute in Classical Archæology; and Henry H. Armstrong, professor of Latin in Yankton College, to be a research associate of the Carnegie Institution in Classical Archæology.

Dr. Sheldon Jackson, United States general agent of education in Alaska since 1885, died at Asheville, N. C., May 1. He was born in Minaville, N. Y., in 1834, and after graduation from Union College and Princeton Theological Seminary, he was ordained as a Presbyterian minister. For some time he engaged in teaching and in mission work among the Indians, and for more than thirty years he had given special attention to Alaska. He introduced the public school system into that Territory, and he was indefatigable in his efforts to improve social and intellectual conditions there. He was author of "Education in Alaska" (1872), "Hand-book on Alaska," "Alaska and Missions on the North Pacific Coast," and since 1886 of annual reports on education in Alaska.

Caleb Benjamin Tillinghast, since 1883 State Librarian of Massachusetts, died at Boston April 28. He was born at West Greenwich, R. I., in 1823, and before taking up library work he had tried both school-teaching and journalism. He had been chairman of the Massachusetts Free Public Library Commission and the Committee on Publication of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, and treasurer of the Massachusetts Board of Education.

The Very Rev. John Marshall Lang, principal of Aberdeen University since 1900, died at Aberdeen May 2, in his seventy-fifth year. He had been moderator of the Church of Scotland. His books are "Heaven and Home," "Life: Is It Worth Living?" "The Last Supper of Our Lord," "Homiletics on St. Luke's Gospel," "Central American Faiths," "The Anglican Church," "The Expansion of the Christian Life," and "The Church and Its Social Mission."

The death is reported from Edinburgh, in his eighty-seventh year, of David Lewis, a well-known temperance reformer. He wrote a "History of the Temperance Movement in Scotland," "The Drink Problem," "The Drink Traffic in the Nineteenth Century," and "The Drink Trade."

Karl G. F. von Reinhardstoettner, professor in the Technical High School of Munich, has died at the age of sixty-two. He was an authority on Portuguese, writing a grammar of the language and a history of the literature.

Stephen von Kotze, a Berlin writer of marked and humorous individuality, has died at the age of thirty-nine. His works include "Australische Skizzen," "Ein afrikanischer Küstenbummel," and "Im europäischen Hinterhaus."

The death is reported of Paschal Grousset, a journalist of note and a member of the French Chamber. He was born sixty-four years ago in Corsica. In 1869 he was appointed by Henri Rochefort editor of *La Marseillaise*, and during the Commune acted as delegate for foreign affairs. After the establishment of the republic he escaped to England, where he lived until 1881. Under the name of Philippe Daryl he wrote for *Le Temps* on English topics and translated English novels into French. Under another name, André Laurie, he published a number of romances and books of travel.

Anthony Jannaris, who was for many years prominent in the political affairs of Crete, died suddenly April 26, on the steamship Majestic, bound to New York. Dr. Jannaris was born in Crete in 1852; from 1883 to 1885 he was headmaster of the Public Gymnasium of Canea; in 1889 was appointed lecturer in Greek literature at the University of Athens, but he gave up this position in the same year and returned home to take part in the insurrection. For his share in this movement he was proscribed by the Sultan and fled to London. The next six years he spent in an investigation of the history of the Greek language, working in the British Museum. Returning to Crete, he was elected a member of the Cretan Assembly, and in the troubles of 1897 he acted as correspondent of the London *Times*. After various other vicissitudes he became in 1907 inspector-general of public education in Crete. He wrote numerous books and articles in various reviews. Among his more noteworthy works are grammars and dictionaries of the Greek language, studies of Cretan folklore, critical notes on Longinus, and a translation into English of St. John's Gospel as read by the early Christians.

THE EMPIRE OF THE MONGOLS.

The Mongols: A History. By Jeremiah Curtin; with a Foreword by Theodore Roosevelt. Pp. xxvi+426. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3 net.

The Mongols in Russia. By Jeremiah Curtin. Pp. xx+448. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3 net.

When two years ago the pen dropped from the tired hand of Jeremiah Curtin, the distinguished linguist, ethnologist, and traveller, he left nearly ready for the printer a series of three volumes dealing with that great nomad race of Central Asia that seven centuries ago burst its desert bounds and made the yellow peril such terrible reality to Western civilization. These writings have since been prepared for the press by Mrs. Curtin, his companion and partner in all his journeyings and undertakings. The first volume came out about a year ago; the second has just appeared. The final volume, embodying a personal study of a typical Mongol tribe, the Buriats, is promised for an early date. We learn from Mrs. Curtin that it was the author's intention to include still another volume, on the history of Tamerlane and the Mogul emperors. With this in view, preparations had been made for an additional two years' sojourn in Persia and India, when the illness which proved fatal intervened to prevent the completion of the plan. Before taking up these books in detail, we may note that the term Mongol appears to be of Chinese origin, and is properly applied to a group of closely cognate pastoral tribes centring in Mongolia between Lake Baikal and the Gobi desert. They are a part of the great Turanian, or Tatar, stock, which includes also the Manchus, Turks, and, with considerable Aryan mixture, the Finns and Magyars.

"The Mongols" is really a history of Jinghis Khan, the founder of the short-lived Mongol Empire, and of his immediate successors; all that belongs to the earlier period is summarized in a few short paragraphs, while the long period of decadence after 1412 is dismissed in some twenty lines. The conquest of Russia is barely mentioned, and Timurleng (Tamerlane) and the Mogul Empire of Delhi have been reserved for another volume. Temudjin, known in history as Jinghis Khan, the son of a petty tribal chief, was born in 1161 on one of the head-streams of the Amur River, in what is now Russian territory. Through cold-blooded murders and skilful alliances he managed to secure recognition as Khan, or, lord, of his native tribe, by the time he was forty years old, and four years later, after a series of rapid victories in Mongolia and China, he assumed the title of Jinghis, "The Mighty." From that time until his death his one object was the subjection of the known world to his own rule, and this object he systematically prosecuted for over twenty years with almost unvarying success, every conquest being a ruin and desolation, every pledge a treachery, and every victory a stupendous massacre of almost unimaginable atrocity. With these nomads every man was a warrior, and the army was simply a group of marching tribes. A single illustration of Mongol warfare will suffice. At Nishapur (1221) they began by laying waste the whole province of which the city was the capital. The siege was then pressed, with the help of three thousand balistas, three hundred catapults, four thousand ladders, and seven hundred machines for throwing burning naphtha. The city was finally taken by assault, the daughter of Jinghis leading one of the storming parties. In the ensuing four days of slaughter every living thing—excepting a few hundred skilled artisans reserved for future service—was destroyed, even to the cats and dogs. Every prostrate body was beheaded, and three pyramids were built, of men's, women's, and children's heads. Fifteen days were occupied in utterly razing the city, after which barley was sown upon the ruins.

At his death in 1227, Jinghis left to his son and successor a greater extent

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of empire than had ever before been ruled by one man. Under Kubilai (Kubla Khan, 1259-1294) the Mongol Empire reached its highest magnificence. After him came swift decay. In 1368, the now degenerate Mongols were driven out of China by the founder of the Ming dynasty and later on were made tributary. All of their tribes are now subject either to China or to Russia.

Nearly one-half of the second book is taken up with the history of Russia, previous to the first Mongol invasion. This portion is chiefly a wearisome record of the conflicts of rival cities, the history of the Russian state beginning in 862, when the citizens of Novgorod, weary of anarchy and invasion, invited Rurik, the Norseman, to come and rule over them. As a member of the Hanseatic League, "mighty Novgorod" rose to greatness, but in the end (1478) all the Russian cities were brought under the central authority of Moscow. In 1224 the news came from the south that the terrible warriors of Jinghis had swept across the Ural and were ravaging the territories of the Polovtsi Tartars, a remotely kindred people, who had occupied the Black Sea country nearly two centuries before. In response to the cry of the Polovtsi, "To-morrow they will strike you," the neighboring Russian princes marshalled their forces against the enemy, but were totally defeated on the banks of the Kalka by the Mongol host under Subotai and Chepé. The Prince of Kief and two others were crushed to death under a platform of heavy planks upon which their barbarous captors sat and feasted while their victims were in their death tortures. Then the Mongols retired, as suddenly as they had appeared, to the mystery of their own deserts. In 1237, the full Mongol flood came upon Russia. The invasion was led by Batu, grandson of Jinghis Khan. To his demand for tribute, the Russian princes gave brave, but injudicious, refusal. One city after another was taken by storm —Riazan, Kolomna, Moscow, Vladimir, Tver—their treasures seized, their buildings burned and levelled, their people slaughtered by tens of thousands, and their principal men crucified and flayed alive. Nothing could withstand the fury of the yellow barbarian. The next year Batu built his capital at Sarai, near the mouth of the Volga, and established the famous khanate of the Kiptchak, or Golden Horde—a name chosen from Mongol symbolism—which stretched from Turkestan to the Dnieper and for nearly two centuries dominated the whole of eastern Europe.

Batu's reign marks both the summit and the ebb of Mongol power in Europe. With his death about 1255 begins the decay that follows inaction among races bred only to fighting. Within the next century the Mongols exchanged their heathenism for the religion of Mohammed. In the meantime intestine feuds were wasting their strength, while Russian power was steadily consolidating under the leadership of Moscow. In 1380 Dmitri of Moscow, at Kulikovo on the Don, routed a great army led by the Khan Mamai himself. From that time on the Mongols, in spite of temporary successes, lost ground, and the last remaining Mongol khanate in Russia was extinguished with the annexation of the Crimea in 1783.

Besides the main story, the second volume affords interesting light upon the origin of the conflict between Russia and Poland, the struggle between Rome and Constantinople for ecclesiastical supremacy in Eastern Europe, and the Germanizing of the Baltic provinces in the name of Christianity by the Knights of the Cross. Paganism lingered in Lithuania down to the close of the fourteenth century.

While the story of the Mongols is new to most readers, and is here vividly told, the style of the narrative, for want of the author's final revision, is somewhat too terse and abrupt for easy reading, suggestive rather of annals than of a rounded history. The lack of notes, bibliography, or reference to specific authorities, in both volumes, and the omission of an index to the second, are serious deficiencies, due also to the fact of the author's untimely death, and not in accord with his usual careful custom. It is to be hoped that all these defects will be remedied in the proposed third volume. Each volume is accompanied by a map and portrait of the author.

CURRENT FICTION.

Fraternity. By John Galsworthy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This latest book of Mr. Galsworthy's, like several of its predecessors, seems wilfully to leave the artistic sense of the reader unsatisfied. It has, strictly speaking, no hero or heroine, no climax, and no conclusion. Like "The Island Pharisees," it is seething with the leaven of humanitarianism and is full of unanswered questions. The general interrogation of the work is summarized in three lines from the "Electra" of Euripides printed on the title-page:

Brother, brother, on some far shore
Hast thou a city, is there a door
That knows thy footfall, Wandering One?

A sensitive skeptic, outraged by social injustices, haunted by the persistent dream of universal brotherhood, Mr. Galsworthy appears ready with Carlyle and Ruskin in his later period to let the "devil fly away with the fine arts" till that question is answered. Till a new light breaks for suffering humanity, there is no joy for the artist in painting pictures or writing novels. Indeed, till some solution is found for our social problems, no deep and true book can possibly have a hero, a climax, or a conclusion. Meanwhile, the artist has a great preparatory work to perform to shatter the complacent egotism of the contented, and to send to them in visions of the night a dream of the New Eden. To this extent, then, "Fraternity" is a purpose novel allied in spirit and general intention with many of the novels put forth in the Revolutionary Era of fair hope. But it is distinguished from them by a great difference which makes it faithfully representative of the sober wisdom gained by a century of disillusionment: though it yearns with the old ardor toward the divine idea of Social Justice, it betrays the new and almost tragical uncertainty as to her whereabouts.

We have perhaps emphasized rather too much Mr. Galsworthy's sacrifice of art to life. In spite of his desire to make fiction serve a higher master, he has produced a book which, even judged purely on its artistic merits, must rank as one of the most notable of the day. When one compares it with his earlier novels, such as "The Villa Rubein" and "The Island Pharisees," one is astonished at his development in breadth, variety, subtlety, charm, and sympathy. In his recently published "Commentary," a volume of brilliantly suggestive character sketches, we noted his unusual power of symbolizing an entire class or social stratum by one keenly observed, significantly delineated individual. The same power is exerted on a larger scale in "Fraternity," and with much more dramatic effect. Here is a whole social world—the fine-grained, unpractical literary man, his brother the man of facts and action, the gross man of wealth and business, the strenuous young physician, the decrepit butler, the model, the street-sweeper, wives, children, and infants—each member intimately, unmistakably himself or herself, and yet somehow clearly standing for every man and every woman of that stamp. What brotherhood exists in this world, what strivings toward it, what indifference to it, what repulsion from it—such is this study of the novelist. He has not simplified the problem; it is life in its complexity that he envisages—life with its immortal prejudices and its immortal egotism. Some of the characters, too, are touched with the fever of fraternal love. But at the end of the book the literary man wears the wan smile of Hamlet. "It is a disease to smile like that!" comments the young physician. "Your prescription," is the retort, "in this case has not been too successful, has it?" And the Laertes of the story can only reply, "I can't help it if people will be d——d fools." There

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is one old man, however, feeble-minded, lost to his own time, a Maeterlinckian figure, whose prophetic eyes have seen the glory of the New Jerusalem on earth. Stepping into the night, he utters one cry, "Brothers!" A policeman passing on his beat lifts his lantern and peers into the darkness: no one is there. That is one of many touches of grim yet tender irony which lend a peculiar fascination to this picture of a segment of modern life.

The Actress. By Louise Closser Hale. New York: Harper & Bros.

Mrs. Hale has given us in this book that refreshing and unusual thing, a wholesome glimpse of stage-life seen from the inside. The picture she presents is neither framed by the proscenium arch nor caught by a surreptitious eye at the crack of the stage-door; standing among the hard-working, warm-hearted servants of the public whose labors we applaud so lightly, we realize the drudgery of what seems so spontaneous. Glamor enough, however, mingles with the grind, to make Rhoda Miller, the heroine, scorn the humdrum round of domesticity pressed upon her notice by her suitor, Aaron Adams, one of those characters whose strength, tenderness, and general desirability are so obvious in fiction and so easily overlooked in real life. Rhoda goes to England and scores a tremendous success, which falls far short of filling Aaron's place in her heart; thinking that her deserted swain has found consolation, she endeavors in vain to do likewise—here Mrs. Hale indulges in a deliciously funny stab at the Artistic Temperament in the composer Meurice—and finally collapses in the severe illness that is the last resort of heroines hard pressed by the burdens of their own folly. Of course, Aaron appears to gather her wasted form in his strong arms, and she gladly exchanges the world of make-believe for that of reality. The book abounds in clever character-drawing, the descriptions of English society being particularly well done.

The Girl and the Bill. By Bannister Merwin. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

This story almost exceeds the speed limit. A girl and a five-dollar bill are the leading racers and are never lost to view, but their attendant train of persons and things grows to bewildering length. There are stolen papers, cryptograms, refrigerator prisons, and hollow Chicago tree trunks. There are sleuth-houndings in Japanese, Portuguese, and American styles. There are international sluggings, ranging from yellow jiu-jitsu to the good old-fashioned universal monkey-wrench, and the futile but patriotically cow-boyish attempt to throw from a launch a lariat over a gentleman in a neighboring motor-boat. There are an intrepid girl and an engaging man, accomplished detectives both. And there are world-important diplomacies. All this and these, with much and many more, are whizzed before the reader as the recorded contents of a day and a quarter—almost less time than it takes to tell it. Out of the whole emerges a very good, readable story, violating probabilities, as it should, but dealing mercifully with sensibilities.

Uncle Gregory. By George Sandeman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This story possesses the peculiar interest and fascination that always accrue to a book, as to a person, that can suggest depths of significance below what meets the casual glance. If these depths are a baffling puzzle even when their presence is recognized, the interest is so much the greater. It may be that Mr. Sandeman is guiltless of symbolic intent, and has sought merely to give us the round unvarnished tale of a wealthy Peer Gynt who wished to have only the memory of his shiploads of Bibles preserved for posterity. Whatever the intention of the book, its impression is of a strength disproportionate to the expressed subject matter, and we feel that there is real weight in the question so often asked by those laboring at the elusive biography: "What is the real Uncle Gregory?" They severally apprehend him as a grown-up child trying to embody his sister's ideal for him—a saint—a demon—an epitome of the spirit of his time. One can but wish that the author had brought to his climax some such sledgehammer force as we feel in Chesterton's "Man Who Was Thursday," a book of somewhat similar effect; but he evades the questions he has raised, and closes the book, as it were, with an interrogation point.

The M.P. for Russia: Reminiscences and Correspondence of Madame Olga Novikoff. Edited by W. T. Stead. 2 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $7.50 net.

It is perhaps unjust to say that these volumes disappoint expectations. One knew of Madame Novikoff's reputation, and of the conviction of many of her English and Continental contemporaries that she was a woman of great ability and of extraordinary charm; yet to say that these are not conveyed by this record may amount to no more than to confess that personality eludes the printed page. But the editing is at least in fault in that it leaves many things obscure that should have been cleared up—for example, the precise nature of Madame Novikoff's relations with the Russian government—and in general tends to give the reader an intolerable deal of Stead to a pennyworth of Novikoff. The main facts in her career, however, are put in relief: her ardent and life-long Pan-Slavism; her whole-souled championing of Russia abroad, particularly in England, where she lived for a part of each year for many years; her remarkable mastery of English, and her conquest of many warm friends and admirers among the best of her day in England—Carlyle, Froude, Kinglake, Tyndall, Gladstone. But when we come to the proof in cold type of her uncommon graces and brilliant wit, it largely vanishes. After all, we have to take it on credit. What so many capable observers experienced in their own persons, cannot have been so mythical or so exaggerated as these pages would make it seem.

Madame Novikoff's greatest successes in England were won in those years when Beaconsfield called her by the title now given this book. During the preliminaries of the Russo-Turkish war, while it was raging, and throughout its fateful sequels, she was "M.P. for Russia" in the sense that she wrote books and articles and kept up a voluminous correspondence and maintained a salon in London, all for the purpose of correcting English prejudices and leading to that better political understanding which seemed to be established after Gladstone's return to power in 1880. Later, she was not so happy. The war with Japan and the following political developments in Russia were terrible blows to her. "Heaven save us from a Constitution," was her cry, and she dreaded a Parliament as devoutly as Froude. Thus the break-up of autocratic Russia seems to leave this autocrat sad and puzzled, at the end of her days. And her proud cry, "The Future is ours," rings pathetically now.

From the old public issues treated with such prolixity and vanity by Mr. Stead, the reader turns to the human intercourse here outlined. Kinglake appears at his best in the letters of his that are printed. Froude in his was coldly kind and politically askew. Gladstone writes as a tremendous man of business. With Disraeli, Madame Novikoff, naturally, never got into close touch. She has some good stories of his habitual resort to flattery, from the Queen down, in order to gain his ends. She was talking with Gortschakoff after the Congress of Berlin. He said: "I cannot complain of Beaconsfield. He called on me no end of times and was most complimentary. He told me, among other things, that whenever he hears a *bon mot*, he always says, 'Oh, it is not so good as what was said by Prince Gortschakoff'." Madame Novikoff frankly rejoined: "Prince, I must tell you that Lord Salisbury said not long ago that Beaconsfield's power lay in his shameless habit of flattering everybody." Gortschakoff protested, but *un peu tard*, one fears, that he was not

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easily taken in by flattery. Charles Villiers is quoted as authority for another story in the same vein. When the Queen published what Villiers is strangely made to call her "Reminiscences of Life in Scotland," she sent a copy to members of Parliament:

> We were evidently expected to offer madrigals and burn incense. . . . We were all in a fix. Dizzy alone never lost courage. "This production," he wrote, "can only be compared to Shakespeare, or to the Gospels." I remained silent, while he went on, as if speaking to himself. "Yes, it wants a lot of courage for serving such a dish, and an exceptionally robust health to assimilate it!"

The Moral System of Dante's Inferno. By W. H. V. Reade. New York: Henry Frowde. $4.15.

This is the most exhaustive analysis that has ever been made of Dante's morals. For five hundred years critics have discussed why the poet condemns sinners to an upper or a lower circle of hell, contrary to the popularly accepted enormity of their wickedness. To link Brutus and Cassius, who regarded themselves as martyrs to patriotism, with Judas Iscariot, the supreme embodiment of treachery among Christians, has seemed a paradox to many a student of Dante. But nobody has been able to maintain that the verdicts in the Divine Comedy were haphazard or arbitrary: for there is no other masterpiece in the world in which every part has been so carefully adjusted to the whole, and where literally every word has been so charged with significance. Mr. Reade's task is to discover the rules which guided Dante's verdicts.

He begins, very properly, with an examination of two modern theories which may be regarded as both representative and weighty—those of Witte and of Dr. Edward Moore. Having disposed of these, he goes back to the two great bodies of moral teaching—Aristotle's and Thomas Aquinas's—from which Dante drew directly. With patient elaboration, he compares their systems piecemeal, virtue by virtue and vice by vice, and so is able to show not only which of his masters Dante followed in each particular case, but also the general attitude towards life of the Greeks and of the supreme Catholic dogmatist. He traces, further, the origin of such of Dante's verdicts as correspond with neither the Aristotelian nor the Thoman model. His fundamental division of sins into those of Force and those of Fraud, for instance, Dante borrowed from Cicero. The Christian theology naturally led to a whole tribe of sins which Paganism took no notice of.

Mr. Reade's treatise, therefore, may interest also students of comparative morals who are not primarily concerned with Dante. It could scarcely be more careful, thorough, or open-minded. We think it would be well, however, if he had translated his many extracts from St. Thomas, putting the original text in the footnotes. And he might assist the readers of his intricate arguments by summing up briefly and very clearly the points that he has demonstrated, chapter by chapter. Like many learned controversialists, he sometimes seems to forget that most of us read not for the sake of the controversy, but to learn its results. Howbeit, he has produced a work which every exhaustive student of Dante will turn to and which will not need to be undertaken again on so elaborate a scale.

Madrid: An Historical Description and Handbook of the Spanish Capital. By Albert F. Calvert. With 453 illustrations. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

Madrid is not a typically Spanish city. The traveller visits it to see the Prado and the Royal Armory, but not to see Spain. In no other great Continental capital, to be sure, may one see ox-carts in fashionable thoroughfares, mule teams in the service of royalty, men wrapped in capas, and women whose street costume includes a fan in the hand and a rose in the hair. These touches, however, are by way of suggestion only. One must wait for some day when the city is *en fête*, when the promise of a great *corrida* has roused the national passion for the favorite sport and filled the Alcalá with a stream of eager humanity, to realize that at heart Madrid is Spain. In this volume of the Spanish Series, Mr. Calvert proves that, while Madrid cannot compete with her older sisters, Segovia, Burgos, Seville, Cordova, Granada, Toledo, and Avila, in antiquities or local color, the spirit of modern progress which has made her a prosperous capital has not destroyed her charm for even the traveller of the romantic school. One could not ask for a better supplement to the more practical details of the guide-book. The work is accurate, sympathetically just, complete without being tiresome, and profusely illustrated. It contains a chapter of general impressions, a brief history of the city, descriptions of the court, society, art, literature, and the drama, churches and public buildings, including the Escorial, La Granja, and Alcalá; an excellent guide to that marvellous collection of arms and armor, so little of which, curiously enough, is of Spanish workmanship, and last but not least two chapters on the bull-fight.

For those who wish more detail, special volumes of the series are devoted to Goya, Velasquez, the Prado, Spanish arms and armor, the Escorial, and the tapestries of the Royal Palace. No other country lends itself to a series of descriptive volumes as does Spain, for Spain is not one, but many, countries; and its people, from the Basque to the Andalusian, many peoples. Travellers will do well to economize space in other directions, if necessary, and include Mr. Calvert's volumes in their outfit.

Science.

The Home Garden. By Eben E. Rexford. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25 net.

The Summer Garden of Pleasure. By Mrs. Stephen Batson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $3.50.

Works on gardening written by optimists are pleasanter to read and much more profitable to use than those which are prepared by the unsuccessful and pessimistic. Some of the smaller treatises on the art of managing plants appear to have been the outcome of disappointment: the writers having failed to make their gardens pay either in money or pleasure, vent their vexation in the construction of delusive books. "The Home Garden" is the sober production of a successful gardener who has reaped fair crops of wholesome and kindly fruits of the earth. How far one can trust the author in estimating the attractiveness of gardening for boys is a doubtful matter. Our experience does not wholly confirm the confidence which is here expressed in the alluring nature of weeding with the aid of the latest improved tools. After giving a good account of certain labor-saving appliances, the author proceeds:

> Nine boys, I venture to say, can be made to take an interest in the garden where the implements I have mentioned are used, where one could be induced to work in it with simply a hoe and spade. Boys, like men, have a horror of pulling weeds, and the writer of this cannot say that he blames them for it, for he can easily remember the time when he would rather take a whipping than weed the garden for an hour. He very much doubts if he would have a garden now if all the work in it had to be done in the slow, hard, old-fashioned way.

This book does not deal at all with the decorative floral features of gardens, but solely with the modest plots of vegetables and small-fruits which can be managed without too much trouble by a person with scanty leisure and good courage. The directions for the management of the soil and most of the plants are plain and sensible, and cannot carry any beginner far out of the way. Moreover, the author wisely calls attention to the disheartening features of gardening which confront the beginner after the rosy dawn of the seed-bed has begun to grow gray with the coming of blights and insect pests. The actual danger from these enemies is lessened by the modern methods of spraying and by the judicious selection of va-

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rieties of resistant character. The advice to choose from the too enticing catalogues only the old-established and approved sorts, instead of the newer and untried, is sound and always safe. The author might also have called attention to the desirability of selecting only varieties which are suited to the particular latitude and exposure of the garden. Plants which are adapted to Maine may not be so good for southern Pennsylvania. The little book is complete, as far as it goes, and does not refer the reader for necessary information to another book in the same series. In short, this treatise is a convenient, untechnical, but not encyclopædic, aid to beginners. Although it is very small, it ought to have an index.

"The Summer Garden of Pleasure" is an English work which endeavors to justify its existence by an apologetic preface. The author tenders counsel to the "amateur who gardens on the level," whatever that may mean, and "who longs after color schemes as ardently as do his brethren with larger powers." To illustrate her views of color distribution, the author makes intelligent use of some exceedingly impressionistic paintings by Osmund Pittman. Much of the advice is presented in an uninteresting manner, but it is all made easily accessible by the device—costly in printing, but very useful—of marginal headings for the paragraphs. The best part of the book is that which is devoted to the management of the flower garden in the midsummer season, in order to prevent complete banishment of attractive flowers when the shadow of autumn is about to fall. The suggestions are, of course, better adapted to the exigencies of the English gardens than to ours, but with a few amendments many of the ideas may be carried out here. There will be considerable difference of opinion as to the artistic effect of some of the combinations depicted in this book, since a few of them appear to have been introduced as examples of what to avoid, but many are quiet and restful enough, even for a Japanese.

Longmans, Green, & Co. announce as soon to be published "The Fundamental Principles of Chemistry," by Wilhelm Ostwald, authorized translation by Harry W. Morse.

"Les Phénomènes psychiques et supernormaux," by Dr. Paul Joire, treats observation and experimentation in such matter from the point of view of a professor at the Institut Psycho-physiologique of Paris (8vo, 22 figures, Vigot Frères). "Le Cœur humain et les lois de la psychologie positive," by Antoine Baumann, is, like the other books of this author, an excursion where science and philosophy meet (Perrin).

"Le Rationalisme comme hypothèse méthodologique," by F. Maugé, is a philosophic treatment of theory which underlies science, in two parts: first, the rationalist hypothesis and experimental method; second, the conditions and principles of systematizing in the sciences (617 pages, Alcan).

The recent publication of the official documents in the case of Galileo has led to the preparation by a Catholic scholar, Dr. A. Müller, S.J., director of the astronomical observatory on the Janiculum in Rome, of a work of some two hundred pages treating the new phases of this old controversy, "Galileo Galilei und das kopernikanische Weltsystem" (Freiburg-im-B.; Herder). A further work on this matter, by the same author, is in course of publication, "Der Galilei Prozess (1631-1632) nach Ursprung, Verlauf und Folgen." Naturally this monograph presents the matter from the point of view of the Catholic Church.

"Unsere Kultur" is the title of a readable scientific volume by Prof. Albert Geyer (Giessen: E. Roth), designed to give a popular view of the development of modern life. The author cannot forget that he is more German than *Weltmensch;* he credits Bell with a part in the development of the telephone, but only after the Germans had previously made some progress; and in the history of steam navigation he passes by unknown Fulton altogether, beginning with the steamboats on the Rhine, 1816, the Oder, 1825, and the Danube, 1833.

Simeon Snell, president of the British Medical Association and one of the leading ophthalmic surgeons of England, died at Sheffield last month. He had been professor of ophthalmology at the University of Sheffield, and had edited the *Quarterly Medical Journal.* Among his publications are: "The Electro-Magnet and Its Employment in Ophthalmic Surgery," "Miners' Nystagmus," "School Life and Eyesight," "Prevention of Eye Accidents in Certain Trades," and "Eyestrain as a Cause of Headaches."

Charles Bell Taylor, an eminent ophthalmic surgeon, died at Nottingham, England, last month, at the age of eighty. He obtained his medical education at the University of Edinburgh and Paris. He was the author of "On Diseases of the Eye," which has run through several editions.

Drama.

The Playhouse and the Play. By Percy MacKaye. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

In "The Playhouse and the Play" Percy MacKaye has collected the various essays on the theatre which he has written during the last two or three years. Most of them have been read before different universities, clubs, or associations, and all have been published in full or in part. It is well that they should be offered in this convenient form, for—and this will be admitted even by those who do not agree with all his conclusions—they are full of interesting and pregnant matter. The following passage in one of them may be quoted as the common text of all:

In theatrical amusement we are concerned with public happiness. Real happiness means education; real education means happiness. And in regard to our drama there can be no sounder, no more enlightening conviction than this truth: that by whatever name we choose to call it, the influence of our theatres is a colossal, a national influence in forming the taste, the moral will, the mental capacity of our people.

In common with all other thoughtful students of the theatre and its possibilities he laments that so potent an engine of civilization should be delivered into the hands of commercial speculators, barred from the performance of its highest functions, and often degraded to the basest uses.

Comparatively few persons ever stop to think of the actual influence of the theatre, for good or ill, upon public tastes and morals. Mr. MacKaye quotes some facts and figures which throw much illumination on this subject. Beyond doubt, the influence is enormous, and, as matters now stand, more often mischievous than beneficial, or even innocuous. The question is how existing evils are to be remedied and the potential benefits of the theatre to be brought into operation. Mr. MacKaye's one solution is endowment. He even makes the rash statement that without endowment no effectual art can live, a dogma that would scarcely bear the test of examination. In his enthusiasm he imagines a civic theatre—apparently some ideal development of the ancient classical prototype—in every considerable city, capable of doing a large part of the work that churches, schools, and universities do now; an institution representative of all that is intellectually and morally best in the community, an unfailing source of incentive and example. It is a pretty dream, but, like most enthusiasts, Mr. Mackaye, with his soaring vision, overlooks the sordid financial, political, and other practical difficulties in the way.

There is the gravest reason for mistrusting the possibilty of a sound and enlightened administration of a theatre by public officials. What might be accomplished by private generosity and altruistic effort is another question, which need not be considered now. Mr. Mackaye is right in his assertion that the theatre will never reveal its highest powers, until it is run in the public interest and not wholly as a commercial speculation. But it may be pointed out that public interests and private gain are not necessarily or invariably incompatible. Plenty of money has been made before now in the higher walks of literature, art, and the drama. Mr. Mackaye's dictum that "the rational aim of theatrical business is to ignore the rational aim of dramatic art" is by no means universally true. Even in this country, over and over again, the best plays have proved the most profitable. A great part of Edwin Booth's fortune was made out of Shakespeare. Mr. Man-

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tell, a far inferior actor, is doing well by following—*longo sed intervallo*—in his footsteps. In the dramatic business, as in others, it often pays to supply the finest stock, and some dim perception of this fact is beginning to dawn, apparently, upon one or two of our managers. Being simply commercial men, they cannot, as Mr. Mackaye points out, be expected to risk their money in what they believe to be a losing venture, but for the same reason, they would readily abandon a policy threatening to be ruinous. The present talk among them of repertory theatres is not without significance. It is the lack of competition, not the want of endowment, that is stifling the theatre. Half a dozen really independent theatres in the hands of duly qualified managers, with artistic impulses and some capital behind them, might do as much towards a theatrical revival as any endowment.

The strong interest in everything pertaining to the drama which is noticeable in German letters to-day is responsible for the attention which is now drawn to Ludwig Tieck's writings on the subject. For it was Tieck, as artistic manager of the theatre of Dresden, and as one of the translators of Shakespeare, to whom is due much of Shakespeare's popularity among the Germans. It was Tieck, too, who, when he settled in Berlin in the forties, succeeded in having Sophocles's "Antigone" and other classical tragedies performed. The little book which calls attention to his work in behalf of the theatre is Dr. Erich Drach's "Ludwig Tieck's Bühnenreformen" (Berlin: R. Trenkel).

Dr. Alfred Schaer is the author of a book of 127 pages containing an interesting historical investigation: "Die dramatische Bearbeitung der Pyramus-Thisbe Sage in Deutschland im 16. und 17. Jahrhundert" (Leipzig: W. Schäfer).

"The Great John Ganton," an adaptation of Arthur J. Eddy's story of the Chicago stock yards (see the *Nation* of December 10, 1908, p. 580), by the young English dramatist, J. Hartley Manners, was produced in the Lyric Theatre on Monday evening. The play may or may not please the general public—it undoubtedly possesses certain elements of popularity—but is a crude, loquacious, melodramatic, insignificant piece, which may be dismissed with brief notice. Pretending to have a serious object in the exposure and denunciation of corrupt, tyrannical, and unscrupulous business methods, and the evils of gambling in Wall Street and elsewhere, it deals mainly in sonorous platitudes and extravagant incident, without reaching any definite conclusion. From first to last it is intensely but not skilfully or effectively theatrical. To the solution of current problems it contributes nothing, and it has no value as a picture of life or manners. In the central figure of John Ganton himself, inconsistent as it is in more respects than one, there is a certain amount of vitality, and the character suits the personality of George Fawcett, an experienced actor, who plays it with humor and some emotional force. On him the future of the piece depends.

The London Play Actors seem to have made a somewhat remarkable find in "Chains," a realistic drama of the English lower middle class, by Elizabeth Baker, who is said to have had no experience of the theatre. Her topic is the awful monotony and drudgery of the treadmill existence led by tens and hundreds of thousands of men dependent solely upon clerical employment, without hope of progress, rest, or change.

Olive Logan, lecturer, actress, and author, died at Banstead, England, April 27, at the age of seventy. She was born in Elmira, N. Y., and after some experience as a lecturer, went on the stage. She was author of several books, including "Women and Theatres" (1869), and "The Mimic World" (1871); she wrote a comedy, "Surf," a dramatization of Wilkie Collins's "Armadale," and a metrical translation of François Coppée's "Le Passant," produced in London in 1887.

Music.

Beethoven's Letters. By Dr. A. A. Kalischer; translated with Preface by J. S. Shedlock. 2 vols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $7.50.

When the question of bringing out an edition of Haydn's complete works was being discussed, some years ago, Brahms expressed the opinion that only those things that were really of interest should be printed. Of the others it would be sufficient, he thought, if a dozen copies were made by hand for distribution in the largest libraries where students might have access to them. One cannot but think that such a plan should be adopted with regard to the printing of letters by famous men. Here we have a collection of Beethoven's in two volumes, 925 pages altogether, yet all that was really worth reading could have been easily held in one volume of 400 pages. What earthly use is there in printing notes like this?—"Do tell me if I can speak to you this evening about five o'clock. The matter is pressing." Or this—"His high-born von Smeskall is requested kindly to say where one can speak with him to-morrow." There is a great deal of that sort of thing, and the result is that few even of those who purchase such books have the courage or time to read them through.

Beethoven speaks of himself as being "fearfully lazy" as a correspondent. His output of letters certainly was a mere bagatelle as compared with the numerous and voluminous epistles of Schumann, Wagner, or Liszt. There are altogether 1,220 in these volumes, and most of them are very short, containing, like the two specimens quoted, things that we now usually confide to the telephone. That they make up so many pages is explained by the fact that most of them are followed by comments (often longer than the letters) by the German editor and the English translator. Dr. Kalischer declares that he was engaged for a good twenty years on his task; during that time he examined over six hundred autograph letters to correct the printed versions, and he found many new ones, some of exceptional length, to add to those which had previously appeared. His notes are accurate, illuminating, helpful, and Mr. Shedlock, who has translated both the comments and the letters admirably, contributes more useful matter.

It is with Beethoven's letters as with his compositions: the longer they are, the more they interest us. Being, as he says, lazy as a correspondent, he never sat down to pen a long letter unless he had something on his heart. It is when he talks to or about his publishers, his spendthrift nephew, his incorrigible servants, his critics, his growing deafness, that he grows confiding and entertaining—unwittingly, for he never dreamed that any of these letters would be seen in print. Regarding the trouble with his ears, he wrote in 1800: "Please keep as a great secret what I have told you about my hearing; trust no one, whoever it may be, with it." This remained his attitude for years; the malady was slow in developing, but by 1817 it had reached a stage which induced him to write to Nanette Streicher:

> Now a great request to Streicher; ask him in my name to be kind enough to prepare a pianoforte especially adapted to my weak hearing. I want the tone to be as strong as possible.

A surprisingly large number of these letters, and not the shortest by any means, are jeremiads about servants. These are always amusing; they show the great composer from his most human side. "I came here with an impaired indigestion, and a terrible cold—the former through that archpig the housekeeper, the other from a beast of a kitchenmaid." "Such people," he declares in another letter, "cannot be governed by love, but only by fear; I see that now quite clearly"; and in harmony with this suggestion is his statement regarding one servant: "I threw at her my heavy chair, which stands by the bed; for that I was at peace the whole day." He finally seeks consolation in this philosophical reflection: "We shall not fare better with other servants." His feelings were easily ruffled, and he often wrote as if he had been badly treated even by his best friends. With his publishers he had many a tiff. He complains of the engravers "who pick us poor composers to death"; of the many errors in the printed pages because his frequent requests for proofs had been neglected. He tells the head of the great firm of Breitkopf & Härtel that if he had his wish, said publisher "would have to wander about

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in penitential garments made of hair for all the wicked things that he has done to my works." In another mood he writes to the same man:

> You as a more humane being and a more cultured head than all the other publishers of music ought not to pay poor terms to the artist, but rather help him on the road to accomplish undisturbed what is in him, and what one expects from him.

"As you are neither Jews nor Italians," he writes to another firm, "and I neither of the two, we shall no doubt come to an agreement."

The critics fare much worse than the publishers; in fact, they are castigated almost as severely as the servants. In the early period the critics were inclined to make sport of Beethoven's artwork. "Advise your critics," he wrote to a publisher in 1801, "to exercise more care and good sense with regard to the productions of young authors, for many a one may thereby become disspirited who otherwise might have risen to higher things." But the culprits continued to ply their nefarious trade. "In what a mean way are critics allowed to pounce upon us," he writes in 1803; "I am treated infamously." Eight years later he again complained of being "reviewed in a shameful manner," but looked at the matter more calmly: "It may give one a little prick like the sting of a gnat, and then it becomes quite a little joke. *Not forever; that you cannot do.*" What the critic had said was:

> In quartet writing the aim should surely not be to commemorate the dead, or to express the feelings of one in despair, but by soft, pleasing play of the imagination to refresh and gladden one's heart.

Dr. Kalischer tries hard to prove that the famous letters to the "Immortal Beloved" were addressed to the Countess Guicciardi; he declares that Thayer's attempt to "palm off the Countess Brunswick as the Immortal Beloved must now be regarded as having totally failed"; but since this was written, La Mara has proved in "Beethovens unsterbliche Geliebte" (*Nation*, February 18, p. 177) that Thayer was right. On the other hand, one gains the distinct impression from reading Dr. Kalischer's two volumes that the equally famous letters to Bettina Brentano are not genuine. He himself thinks there were "interpolations"; but when read in connection with the other Beethoven letters they seem so different in style and thought from all the others that one cannot but suspect that they were altogether the products of that woman's imagination.

These beautifully printed volumes are adorned with many interesting facsimiles and portraits.

Henry W. Savage asserts that "The Merry Widow" has been an unprecedented popular success. First produced in Vienna, on December 30, 1905, it had had up to the first of April, 1909, 1,503 performances in America, 1,365 in England; total number of performances everywhere, about 18,000. It has been sung in 422 German cities, 135 English, and 154 American cities. It has been translated into thirteen languages and produced in thirty different countries, including Turkey, Persia, Japan, China, Hindustan, and Siberia. New York paid a million dollars to hear it last year; Chicago paid $364,000 in twenty-six weeks; Boston, $250,000 in eighteen weeks this season. More than 3,000,000 copies of the "Merry Widow" waltz have been sold in Europe; and in America the music publishers sold $400,000 worth of "Merry Widow" scores and selections in twenty-three months. Up to April 1, 1909, three American companies played to gross receipts of $2,694,000.

Art.

A Century of Archæological Discoveries. By A. Michaelis; translated by Bettina Kahnweiler. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

In viewing the collections of Greek and Roman antiquities which almost every important city in Europe now possesses, or in visiting the ancient sites of classic lands, it is sometimes difficult to realize that the work which produced these museum collections and unearthed the remains of these cities has been almost entirely accomplished in the last century. A few exceptions, such as the discovery of Herculaneum and of Pompeii and occasional finds by private individuals, still belong to the preceding period, but most of the material now at our disposal and the gradual building up of a science of archæology are entirely due to the labors of the last ten decades. "A Century of Archæological Discoveries," therefore, gives us practically the whole history of archæological excavations, from the tentative and fortuitous efforts of earlier explorers to the carefully planned, systematic excavations of to-day. The picture is necessarily sketchy; yet, considering the size of the volume, it is very comprehensive, because not only have the actual finds been recorded, but the more important discoveries in the examination of the material have been noted, so that the achievements of the scholar as well as those of the explorer have been embodied.

Of the record as it stands archæologists may well be proud. At first the remnants of past civilizations were treasured purely for their artistic value. But gradually their vast importance in shedding light on the history and life of the people by whose hands they were produced was recognized, and a systematic study of the material began. The result is that we have now not only a fairly complete and coördinate picture of the artistic development of these people, but in some cases past history has been actually reconstructed. Thus, thanks to the spade and the critical acumen of the Cretan explorers, we are in possession of more knowledge of the civilization of prehistoric Greece than the Greeks of the classical period had themselves. Moreover, the importance of illustrating and verifying written history by the material remains now at our disposal is being more and more recognized.

A book describing in concise form this evolution of the science of archæology had been much in request, and Professor Michaelis's work, which appeared in 1906, entitled "Die archäologischen Entdeckungen des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts," was welcomed on all sides. The translation into English is a matter for sincere congratulation, because the book is addressed, as the author expressly says, not so much to the professional archæologist (who would be more likely to understand German), as to all those "who have preserved an interest in and love for ancient art." The subject, indeed, is presented not in a dry and technical manner, such as a great specialist with expert knowledge often uses, but in a fresh, narrative style which combines accuracy and scholarship with the personal element of enthusiasm. We are indebted to Miss Kahnweiler not only for a good translation—as any one who has tried rendering a German scientific work into English will admit—but for the addition of illustrations, such as plans of Olympia, Delphi, the Athenian Acropolis, as well as of the most important sites and monuments, which add much to the usefulness of the volume. There are also several interpolations; for instance, a brief mention of the recent discoveries of the British School at Sparta, which bring the discussion up to date.

The chief criticism is that the work is a little one-sided. Professor Michaelis himself admits that he has devoted most space to the German excavations, mainly because his facilities have been greater in that direction. In fact, German investigations—even the more recent ones—have been faithfully recorded here; Dr. Dörpfeld's theories regarding the theatre, the old Athena temple, and the Enneakrounos are all clearly stated. The excavations of the Englishmen Cockrell, Layard, and Newton have also been fully treated; but those of later date, carried on by the British and American Schools, are too cursorily mentioned. Crete, too, comes in for a very small share, considering the far-reaching importance of the discoveries there. A few additions would remedy this defect, and it is to be hoped that in a future edition this amendment will be made.

From the *Fine Art Trade Journal* of London we have received the "Art Prices Current" for 1907-8. The record is limited to

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the sales at Christie's, but, as the editor of the volume observes, any other system of inclusion and exclusion would introduce a confusing personal element, while the volume of business at Christie's is so predominantly large as to indicate fully the tendency of prices.

In the series of monographs Die Kunst, edited by Dr. Richard Muther (Berlin: Marquardt & Co.), the fiftieth volume, just published, "Das Fest der Elemente," attempts to show not only the use of the so-called elements, fire, water, earth, and air, in landscape gardening and pyrotechnics, but the relations which they bear to man's reading of nature. The comparisons between the specimens of this art from the renaissance period and from modern times are interesting and suggestive. The author is Dr. Oscar Bie, the editor of the *Neue Rundschau*. The book is profusely illustrated.

"L'Esthétique des villes," by Émile Magne, treats successively of street decoration and movement, of processions, markets, bazaars, fairs, cemeteries, of outer manifestations of water and fire (lights), and of all that goes to the artistic constitution of the Cité Future (352 pages, Mercure de France).

"Die deutsche Landschaft: Deutsche Charakterlandschaften in farbigen Bildern," by Prof. Ernst Liebermann (Hamburg: Gutenberg-Verlag), is a work to be completed in eight series of five sheets each, at five marks a series. The first two series have already appeared. This enterprise, which endeavors to offer artistic quality at a low price, deserves to be commended to all lovers of German landscape, and particularly to those school and college teachers of German who believe in pictorial aid for quickening the imagination of their students. If they prefer an artist's individual impressions to the unemotional accuracy of the camera, they will derive pleasure from these successful reproductions, in the rich but subdued original colors, of the paintings of the well-known Munich master. Of the different pictures, each of which can be bought singly, the following are perhaps the most typical and attractive: Thüringer Landschaft, Buchenwald, Rudelsburg, In den Vorbergen der bayrischen Alpen, and Felder. Least successful is Eifellandschaft. The pictures are uniform in size (six by eight inches), and loosely mounted on black cardboard two inches wider on all sides. They may thus, even without further framing, be effectively displayed on the walls of the study or classroom.

It will be no new observation to those who have followed the recent tendency of this *genre* of painting to say that in the forty-second annual exhibition of the American Water Color Society, now holding at the Fine Arts Galleries, the old-fashioned thin washes are scarcely to be seen. Ben Foster's Glimpse of the Sea, and H. Bolton Jones's Early Snow, hanging together in the Vanderbilt room, stand out conspicuously in this respect, and make one regret that the clean transparency and the light decorative value of the old style have been so generally discarded for methods that imitate without equalling the heavier and richer effects of oils. There are a few other pictures in this manner, but they are for the most part insignificant. Perhaps, the most striking of these—although it is by no means a pure example—is George Wharton Edwards's Springtime in the Village, a large field in clear colors, crossed by two diagonal paths. In the contest with oils, the new, carefully-worked method is most successful in the winter scenes. In a number of these—*e. g.*, Charles Mente's Mill Stream, and H. Bolton Jones's Winter, the latter a pastel—the fuzzy texture of snow is represented better than can be done with the hard surface of oils, and the reflected shadows have a softer, less repulsive gleam. Another group, chiefly pastels, imitates well the glowing greens and deep blues of stained glass. Notable among these are Charles Warren Eaton's Cypresses, Reynolds Beal's Middlehope Valley, Gustave Cimiotti's Trooping Clouds, and Frederick Crane's Afterglow. From these, it is an easy transition to such pictures as the Warwick Castle of Gifford Beal, with its large masses of solid, almost unshaded green, and the Lake Como of Charles Warren Eaton, with its heavy mass of ultramarine. For the rest, we can mention only The Village Green of Florence Francis Snell, showing a small group of children in a green common, closed in by two converging lines of red houses; a group of pleasant out-of-door sketches, by Frederick Freer; a charming little view In a Swiss Town by Emma Lampert Cooper; The Buzzards' Roost of J. C. Nicoll, showing a mound of ruins in a yellowish green field; an excellent lifelike portrait of Enid Yandell, the sculptress, by Albert Sterner; and the little Puerto del Sol of Edward Penfield. Not the least interesting part of the exhibition is the collection of etchings, prints, and drawings in the Central Gallery. In technique, the work in this department is even more satisfactory than the brush work; the only drawback to full enjoyment is the monotony of the subjects chosen. Here the romantic etchings of Joseph Pennell and Ernest D. Roth stand out with some distinction. The same may be said, for other qualities, of the refined prints of Charles F. W. Mielatz, showing glimpses of New York streets and parks. For pure decorative charm the colored plates of George Senseney have a unique character; they would hang well in boudoir or hall. Altogether the exhibition compares well with its recent predecessors, and, if not so impressive as the more pretentious displays of the Academy, is at least free from the loud monstrosities that hurt the eye in the usual collection of oils.

The chief interest of the summer exhibition, just opened at the New Gallery, is in the new departure made by the management. The objection to the methods of the artists who have taken possession of the New Gallery is the same that was made a year ago (*Nation* of April 9, 1908, p. 340), when the Allied Artists' Association was founded: anybody who subscribes has a right to exhibit—a plan which is bound to be fatal to the quality of an exhibition as a whole. The important difference between the two groups is that the subscription to the Allied Artists is very small, and gives a chance to the young and struggling, while the subscription to the New Gallery is very large, and gives a chance only to those who have arrived either popularly or financially. This year's exhibition is an excellent proof of the point. At a glance, it may look better than in previous years, simply because fewer pictures are shown and the walls are less crowded. But in the merit of the pictures there is no improvement whatever, and, after the first glance, the absence of any reason for the collection to have been brought together beyond the need of the artist to sell, is but too apparent. Work comes from the Academy, from the International, from the various other groups and societies, which have their own exhibitions at other seasons or in other places. There are a few survivors of the old Burne-Jones period, but they seem only sad witnesses of the day and a movement that have passed. There are several members of the Glasgow School that first dawned upon London at the last exhibition of the Grosvenor, and that now, as a school, has ceased to exist almost as completely as the "neo-primitives" of the previous generation. There is no possibility of coherence in the meeting of all these different elements, nor is there enough distinction in individual work to make up for the lack. J. J. Shannon and George Henry are probably reserving their best portraits for the Academy; C. H. Shannon had more important work in the last International; the principal landscapes are by Frank Walton, Mark Fisher, and Mr. Peppercorn, who show in half a dozen other galleries. Water color is almost entirely absent, black-and-white holds but a small place. The sculpture is not remarkable. Altogether, the exhibition does not promise great things in the future from the new method and management.

At the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, the international jury in the annual art competition has announced the following awards: Medal of the first class (gold), with $1,500, to Edmund C. Tarbell, Boston, for his painting Girl Crocheting; medal of the second class (silver), with $1,000, to George Sauter, London, for his painting The Bridal Morning; medal of the third class (bronze), with $500, to Bruce Crane, New York city, for his painting November Hills; honorable mention to Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones, Philadelphia, for her painting, In Rittenhouse Square; to Arnesby Brown, Cornwall, England, for his painting, The Gate; to E. A. Hornel, Scotland, for his painting Amusement; and to Stanhope A. Forbes, Penzance, England, for his painting, The Village Industry.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are paintings and drawings by Max Weber at Haas's, till May 8; and paintings by Chase, Melchers, Hassam, etc., at Montross's, May 8.

Theodore Minot Clark, who from 1881 to 1888 was in charge of the department of architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, died in Boston April 29 at the age of sixty-four. He was born in Boston, and was a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1886. Among his writings are "Rural School Architecture" (1880), "Building Superintendence" (1884), "Architect, Owner, and Builder before the Law" (1894), and "The Care of a House" (1903).

We have to report the death of two French artists, Lionel Le Couteux, an etcher of high repute, at the age of sixty-one, and Alfred Robaut, a lithographer and

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writer on art subjects at the age of seventy-nine.

From Venice comes the news of the death of Prof. Franz Wickhoff, the art-writer, at the age of fifty-five. He wrote largely on the literary influences in art, publishing the "Wiener Genesis," "Sachis Restauration der sterbenden Mutter des Aristides," and "Dürer Studien."

Finance.

THE PROBLEM OF THE RAILWAYS.

It has been pointed out, as one cause for the stubborn maintenance of the higher price of railway stocks, that the dividends paid by the companies, even during the worst months of last year, were large enough to provide a handsome margin to the buyer on borrowed money, over and above what he had to pay for interest. Such a stock as Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, for instance, pays 7 per cent. per annum. Its price has lately been about 150, at which the holder would net about 4¾ per cent. Baltimore and Ohio, paying 6 per cent., and selling around 114, would yield 5¼ per cent. With call loans obtainable and renewable at 1 or 2 per cent., the margin on such holdings will be 2 to 4 per cent. Even with Reading, whose price of 145 makes its 4 per cent. dividend yield barely 2¾ per cent., there is a surplus over the recent cost of call money in Wall Street.

This sort of calculation is not final. The price of money might go up to 6 per cent., which would more than wipe out the margin over dividends. The market value of the stock might go down when the holder wished to sell; it would certainly do so if the money rate should rise. Or the dividend rate itself might be reduced. All such considerations suggest the larger question, What is to happen to these railways and their stocks in the more distant future? Waiving the possibility of fluctuations in the money market, the main issue, after all, relates to railway finance, the maintenance or increase of the dividends. And this in the last analysis must depend on the future movement of traffic.

In reply to an inquiry regarding present conditions, the chief of an important Western railway system has lately had this to say:

> Our business is not what it should be. The backwardness of the season is largely to blame. No disposition is being shown to anticipate good crops. The usual mainstay of the railroads at this time of year, freight made up of manufactured products, reflects only hand-to-mouth buying.

This statement will probably sound odd in view of the recent statements as to monthly earnings. A number of important companies published last week their gross receipts for March and the nine months of the current fiscal year. These are the principal changes from a year ago:

	March Gross.	9 months Gross.
Erie	+$619,885	—$249,280
Union Pacific	+ 812,231	+1,031,027
Southern Pacific	+ 629,845	—5,217,919
Atlantic Coast Line	+ 322,647	— 235,000
Northwestern	+ 472,443	+ 545,379
Rock Island	+ 210,125	+ 432,308
Southern Ry.	+ 507,423	— 578,948
Atchison	+ 871,202	— 103,442
Balt. & Ohio	+ 543,801	—4,916,803
Kansas City So.	+ 36,219	— 443,707

Here is decided improvement, the gain for March alone, in a number of the companies, equalling or exceeding the whole of the nine months' decrease. But the gain of March was made in comparison with one of the leanest months of the immediate after-panic depression. If the March comparisons are made, not with 1908, but with 1907, the result will be somewhat different. These are the changes from the corresponding month of the pre-panic period, two years ago:

	March Gross.	9 months Gross.
Erie	—$172,915	—$1,532,707
Union Pacific	— 42,556	+ 2,853,046
Southern Pacific	— 178,751	— 3,081,417
Atl. Coast Line	+ 147,917	— 309,479
Northwestern	— 298,042	— 2,880,083
Rock Island	— 156,273	+ 1,738,344
Southern Ry.	— 345,373	— 2,582,240
Atchison	— 160,983	+ 713,969
Balt. & Ohio	— 683,827	— 7,430,870
Kansas City So.	— 51,297	— 135,541

We are not, then, so far on the upgrade yet as the comparison with 1908, taken by itself, suggested. How soon the rest of the lost ground is to be recovered will naturally depend, in the first instance, on the increase in traffic moving over the railways, a matter which, in its turn, hangs on the question of general trade revival. This second consideration, again, rests first on the recuperation from the effects of the break-down of credit; but, second, on the outturn of the crops. Wall Street often amuses itself with arguing that a deficient grain crop, sold at unusually high prices, is as much of an industrial blessing as a moderate crop sold at average prices, or a "bumper crop" with prices below the lately prevailing level. However this may be with other interests, it is not so with the railways. A hundred million bushels less produced upon the farms is a hundred million bushels less of freight. For the crop results, we shall have to wait. Another factor in the recent improving earnings, which may or may not be permanent, is the higher freight rates. Since July 1, last year, local and through rates, in the South and West especially, have been increased all the way from 3 to 60 per cent. on coal, iron, steel, lumber, grain and grain products, packing-house products, and scores of other commodities. The fixing of these higher rates was justly objected to, last year, as uneconomic and unfair to the consumer; but they were made. There are only two obstacles in the way of their remaining—compulsory revision under the auspices of the Interstate Commission, and competitive rate-cutting by the companies themselves. The increase will also test the force of the prediction, made by shippers' associations when the rates were raised, that the contemplated advance "would retard the return of normal conditions."

"Railroad Promotion and Capitalization in the United States," by Frederick A. Cleveland, will be issued soon by Longmans, Green, & Co.

Harper & Bros. have brought out in book form Victor Morawetz's plan for solving the currency problem, "The Banking and Currency Problem in the United States." The views of Mr. Morawetz received so much, and well-deserved, attention when they were first published, that it is unnecessary to review them at length now. His proposal is, in substance, that the national banks be authorized "to issue notes upon their joint credit, and to control the uncovered amount of these notes by the joint action of the Secretary of the Treasury and of a managing board, or committee, elected by the banks." That by this, or some similar plan, our currency system could be improved at points where it is most defective, we cannot doubt; our only doubt is as to the desire or ability of Congress to enact a rational currency law. Two features of Mr. Morawetz's presentation of his case are worthy of special commendation. He appreciates, and clearly explains, the fact that banknotes are in certain essential particulars unlike bank deposits; principally because by means of notes banks can indirectly increase the proportion which their reserves bear to their demand liabilities. The second noteworthy point is that, unlike many denizens of Manhattan Island, he maintains that the establishment of a central bank is not desirable or practicable in the United States. No one, in fact, has ever stated the reasons more forcibly and succinctly than Mr. Morawetz.

"Compilation of Laws Relating to Trust Companies of the United States," published by the Trust Company Section of the Amer-

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ican Bankers' Association, is one of the most useful works yet published under the auspices of the American Bankers' Association. It covers a variety of subjects on which there has been insufficient light, and cites the important statutes of each State bearing upon trust company operation. An index at the end of each State section is a good feature. The compilation was made by Benjamin J. Downer of the New York bar, assisted by Philip S. Babcock, secretary of the Trust Company Section of the American Bankers' Association.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Anderson, Ada Woodruff. The Strain of White. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Baedeker, Karl. The United States. Scribner. $4.50 net.
Barwell, J. W. Science, the Mind, Revelation, the Heart of God. Chicago: Jacobs & Holmes.
Bayley, Harold. A New Light on the Renaissance: Displayed in Contemporary Emblems. Dutton. $4 net.
Bithell, Jethro. The Minnesingers. Vol. I. Translations. Longmans, Green.
Borodine, Myrrha. La Femme et l'amour au XIIe Siècle, d'après les Poèmes de Chrétien de Troyes. Paris: A. Picard.
Brebner, Percy. A Royal Ward. Little, Brown. $1.50.
Cabot, Oliver. The Man without a Shadow. Appleton. $1.50.
Cleveland, Frederick A., and Powell, Fred Wilbur. Railroad Promotion and Capitalization in the United States. Longmans, Green. $2 net.
Collins, J. Franklin, and Preston, Howard W. Key to New England Trees. Providence: Preston & Rounds Co. 40 cts.
Crandall, Charles H. Songs from Sky Meadows. Outing Publishing Co. $1 net.
Crawford, F. Marion. The White Sister. Macmillan.
Darby, Mrs. That Affair in Philadelphia. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.
D'Arles, Henri. Le Collège sur la colline. Paris: F. R. de Rudeval.
Davies, Gerald S. Ghirlandaio. Scribner. $4 net.
Duncan, Frances. When Mother Lets Us Garden. Moffat, Yard. 75 cts. net.
Eckloff, Christian F. Memoirs of a Senate Page (1855-1859). Edited by Percival G. Melbourne. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.50.
Field, Claud. Tales of the Caliphs. Dutton. $1 net.
Fifty Years of Darwinism: Modern Aspects of Evolution. Henry Holt. $2.
Flint, G. Elliot. The Short Cut. Romance Press.
Ford, Sewell. Cherub Devine: A Novel. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50.
Foster, George Burman. The Function of Religion in Man's Struggle for Existence. University of Chicago Press.
Freer, Eleanor Everest. A Book of Songs, and Other Compositions. Milwaukee: Wm. A. Kaun Music Co.
Gerhard, Wm. Paul. Sanitation and Sanitary Engineering. Published by the Author, 33 Union Square. $1.50.
Gillette, Fredericka B. Title Index to the Works of Honoré de Balzac. Boston Book Co. 25 cents.
Godfrey, Elizabeth. A Sister of Prince Rupert: Elizabeth Princess Palatine and Abbess of Herford. John Lane. $4 net.
Golden, George Fuller. My Lady Vaudeville and Her White Rats. Broadway Publishing Co.
Gookin, Frederick William. Our Defective American Banking System. Chicago Literary Club.
Guggisberg, Decima Moore and F. G. We Two in West Africa. Scribner. $3.50 net.
Gummere, Amelia Mott. Witchcraft and Quakerism: A Study in Social History. Philadelphia: Biddle Press. $1.
Haskell, Frank Aretas. The Battle of Gettysburg. Wisconsin History Commission.
Hawkins, Jean, compiler. Ghost Stories and Tales of the Supernatural. Boston Book Co. 20 cents.
Jenks, Jeremiah W. Principles of Politics, from the Viewpoint of the American Citizen. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Jewett, Frances Gulick. The Body at Work. Ginn & Co. 50 cents.
Le Socialisme à l'étranger. Avec une préface de M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu et une Conclusion de M. Jean Bourdeau. Paris: Félix Alcan.
Little, Mary Wilson. Retrospection. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.
Making the Best of Things Series: The Point of View; a Talk on Relaxation; Mental Hygiene in Everyday Living. By Alice Katherine Fallows. Chicago: McClurg. 35 cents net each.
Mason, Caroline Atwater. The Mystery of Miss Motte. Boston: L. C. Page.
Mayne, John. Journal, During a Tour on the Continent, 1814. Edited by John Mayne Colles. John Lane. $4 net.
Moorhouse, E. Hallam. Samuel Pepys, Administrator, Observer, Gossip. Dutton. $3 net.
Münsterberg, Hugo. Psychotherapy. Moffat, Yard. $2 net.
Nietzsche, Friedrich. Works. The Birth of Tragedy; Beyond Good and Evil; Thoughts Out of Season. London: T. N. Foulis.
Perkins, Clara Crawford. Builders of Spain. 2 vols. Henry Holt. $5.
Reich, Emil. Woman Through the Ages. 2 vols. Dutton. $7 net.
Rostand, Edmond. La Princesse Lointaine. Edited by J. L. Borgerhoff. Boston: D. C. Heath. 40 cts.
Sharpless, Isaac. The Quaker Boy on the Farm and at School. Philadelphia: Biddle Press. $1.
Speer, Robert E. The Deity of Christ. Fleming H. Revell.
Temple Shakespeare. A Pocket Lexicon and Concordance. Macmillan. 45 cents.
Thompson, Ellen. A Book of Hours. Forest Press. $1.50.
Torrey, R. A. Practical and Perplexing Questions Answered. Fleming H. Revell. 50 cents net.
Tucker, Samuel Marion. Verse Satire in England before the Renaissance. Macmillan. $1 net.
Wagner, Richard. Letters to Minna Wagner. Translated by William Ashton Ellis. 2 vols. Scribner. $7 net.
Werner-Spanhoofd, Arnold. Erstes Lesebuch. Boston: D. C. Heath.
Wilcox, Henry S. Joys of Earth. Chicago: Wilcox Books Concern.

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